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 4. Pictorial Palestine.
 5. Capital Punishment—the importance of its Abolition.
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JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1841.

REVIEWS

Rambles in New Zealand. By J. C. Bidwill. Orr & Co.
Account of the Settlements of the New Zealand Company. By the Hon. H. W. Petre. Smith, Elder & Co.

It was a great mistake to give the names New Britain and New Ireland to certain hot-house islands, as we may justly call them, in the vicinity of New Guinea. The true New Britain is at the antipodes of the old, or removed just so far north from the antipodal point as to compensate the relative coldness of the southern hemisphere, and to find a climate similar to that of the ancient British islands. In short, our islands of the west are best represented on the other side of the globe by the New Zealand group, the three islands of which might have been very conveniently named from our three united kingdoms. They have, however, been recently called, after three of the four provinces of Ireland, Ulster, Munster and Leinster. Why Irish names should have been exclusively chosen for New Zealand, we are unable to explain. Perhaps it may be thought that a strong resemblance exists between the two countries, owing to the cultivation of the potato: or perhaps the volcanoes and craters; the boiling puddles and copious hot and fetid springs of the island of the Pacific, suggested a comparison with certain fiery appearances in the Western isle, remote from the Pacific; or perhaps there is a peculiar sanctity in New Zealand, that brings to mind the traditions of the West; or lastly, it is possible that the ancient and veritable Irish histories afford reason to believe that the New Zealanders and the Irish are sprung from a common ancestor.

But to pass from conjecture to fact—the islands of New Zealand now belong to Great Britain; a population of Britons is already assembling in them, and whether we consider their geographical position; their soil and climate, alike favourable to industry; or their coasts formed for commerce; it is impossible not to recognize in them a most interesting addition to the British colonial empire. We hesitate not to predict that before half a century has passed over, New Zealand will have acquired a very high degree of maritime importance. It will be to the innumerable islands of the Pacific Ocean, what ancient Rhodes was to the isles of the Ægean—the centre of life; the main spring of commercial activity; the source of arts, industry and civilization.

The remarkable destiny awaiting this new colony was perhaps foreshown in the singular manner of its commencement. The colonization of New Zealand was undertaken, in the first instance, not only without the support of government, but even in defiance of its avowed disapprobation. But the latter was obliged to concede the point, and to sanction, for the sake of controlling the movement which it could not prevent. The genius of the mercantile world seized dexterously on the prevailing disposition to emigrate, having discovered how profit might be drawn from it, and set about the work of colonization with the boldness derived from habits of enterprise and the possession of large capital. But we shall not here stop to inquire into the real merits of the new system of Colonization; our business is with events. The first settlement of the New Zealand Company was engendered in circumstances which promised exuberant vigour. It had all the advantages assigned by Savage to illegitimate progeny in general:

Conceived in rapture and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, it starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Her Britannic Majesty's authority was soon after proclaimed in New Zealand, and a Lieutenant-Governor appointed, whose duty it became to adopt and foster the company's settlement. But that exalted personage could not condescend to do any conciliating act. Jupiter was not half so angry with Prometheus for stealing celestial fire, as the Lieut.-Governor was with the settlement which had dared to leap into life without an Order in Council. Quaking with fear, lest his thunderbolts might be stolen or extinguished, the colonial Jove penned a dispatch containing these remarkable words:—

"According to my opinion, unaided by legal advice, the proceedings of the Association at Port Nicholson amount to high treason. They have usurped the power of Her Majesty in establishing a constitution, and in appointing magistrates. Taxes are said to have been levied; and most unjust as well as illegal exercise of authority has been practised."

Opinions such as this may be easily arrived at without legal knowledge or advice. It is no treason to endeavour to organize a new settlement in the absence of a duly commissioned authority. The Hon. H. W. Petre fairly points out the absurdity of affecting technically legal proceedings in a country where there are no constituted tribunals. But Lieut.-Governor Hobson congratulates himself that "he did not make his appearance among those demagogues!" Poor King Log! He certainly did well to court concealment, and we in pity shall turn our eyes away from him, in search of more worthy objects.

It would be hard to find a more agreeable companion to ramble with than Mr. Bidwill. He gives, in a short compass, a lively, and at the same time a faithful and instructive narrative. He may be at once described as a good-humoured, indefatigable traveller, a vigilant observer, and an unaffected relater. His route in New Zealand has also the merit of novelty, since he is the first to give an account of the lake of Towpo in the interior. This lake, indeed, had been previously visited by one of the missionaries; but in the glory of ascending the volcano of Tongadido, Mr. Bidwill stands quite alone. The country round the Bay of Islands, the most frequented part of New Zealand, and which some have described in the most flattering terms, appeared to him to be remarkably barren and impracticable; nor does it offer any good site for a town. The village of Kornarika, much visited by whalers, is, he tells us, "notorious at present for containing a greater number of rogues than any other spot of equal size in the Universe." The white population of the Bay of Islands is chiefly composed of escaped convicts, runaway seamen, and adventurers of the lowest stamp. Continuing his voyage along the eastern coast of New Zealand, Mr. Bidwill arrived at Tawanga, the last mission station to the southward, from which place he intended to strike off into the interior. But before we follow him into the wilds, it is fit that he should introduce us to the natives:—

"About six weeks before I arrived at Tawanga, a small party started from Rotuora, and lying in wait near Tawanga, seized a number of people (about twenty, I believe) and cooked them absolutely in sight of the different villages. The place was just at the base of the great hill I have spoken of (Mangarorie); and when I visited it, I saw all the native ovens (copper mowries, according to English pronunciation) in which the cooking had been performed, and a portion of the entrails, &c. were strewed about. My companion called me to see a head which was then half eaten by the dogs; but I had seen enough for that day, and did not follow him. This head was removed by the missionaries as soon as they heard of it, and buried; so that when I visited the place afterwards, every vestige of the late horrid tragedy had

disappeared. There are two things well worthy of note in this occurrence, as being totally opposed to English ideas of the New Zealanders. The first is, that a whole tribe should suffer less than a hundred men to come into the heart of their country, where they—the invaders—were surrounded on all sides, and stay ten days or more, killing all the stragglers they could find, and confining the rest in their Pās, and even paddling about the harbour in their canoes in the middle of the day, without making the least show of resistance; and the second, that the natives who perpetrated this massacre and cannibalism in cold blood were not a wild, untutored race, who had never had intercourse with Europeans, (or if with Europeans, with such as are a disgrace to the countries whence they spring, such as those by whom the natives of the Bay of Islands and other places to the northward have been contaminated,) but, on the contrary, had enjoyed the advantage of the residence of missionaries among them for several years, and those missionaries, too, amongst the most active and zealous of any in New Zealand; indeed, there have been but few white men amongst them, with the exception of missionaries, more especially for the last two or three years, since the murder of the last trader who lived there, which has prevented others from supplying his place."

The Tawanga tribe is now reduced to a mere handful, by the constant hostility of the worthies of Rotuora, to which country our traveller bent his steps. If the European settlers should desire to extirpate completely the native race in New Zealand, they have nothing to do but to foment the jealousies of the various tribes, who will feel much satisfaction in butchering and devouring one another. Mr. Bidwill thus describes the new scenes at which he had arrived in the interior:—

"The lake of Rotuora is about ten miles by five; the shores are generally low, and the wood has been almost entirely removed by the natives; there is but one spot where it approaches the water, and that not very extensive: there are several Pās on it, and a small number of inhabitants on the island where the missionary establishment is. The country is not so populous as it has been. I was informed by the missionaries, that a few years ago, when the celebrated Bay of Islands Chief 'Honghi' came there, he killed three thousand of them, and they have not since been able to recover their numbers: they are a very warlike tribe, and are said to be a finer race of men than any other, but great thieves; they are now at war with all the tribes around them except the Towpo tribe, who are too distant to render them any valuable assistance. The lake is almost surrounded by boiling springs, mud volcanoes, and solfatara. I think it is probable that there are many hot springs in the deep part of the lake, as it is pleasantly warm to bathe in; which is not to be expected from the natural temperature of the atmosphere, which here is exceedingly chilly,—the missionaries say it is the coldest place in the island; the thermometer was rarely above fifty-eight in-doors, and in the evening the fire was always very much in request."

In the fabulous old narrative of the voyage of the *Zeni*, we are told of streams of hot water, led from the sides of burning mountains into the houses, and giving to the gardens of the frozen north the luxuriant verdure of the most favoured climes. Something of this kind is, we believe, really done in a village in Auvergne, where the waters of a copious hot spring are supplied to each habitation in sufficient quantity to answer all culinary purposes. And may not the hot springs of New Zealand be made, with a little ingenuity, available for many important purposes?—

"In fording a river tributary to the Waikato," says our traveller, "I was rather startled to find, that although the water was intensely cold, yet I could not stand still, because the sand at the bottom burnt my feet. On one side was a patch of hot earth and a pool of hot water, but I had no idea of anything more. The fact was, that the water at the side was the smallest portion of the hot spring; by far the greater quantity discharging itself through the bed of

* Papers on the Colonization of New Zealand. Printed by order of the House of Commons (1841), p. 16.

the river. We constantly passed near places where there appeared to have been springs formerly, and often there was steam hissing from slight fissures in the rocks which might be passed unnoticed. One in particular was under a small waterfall; and I should never have discovered it, had it not been that I thought the water made a most extraordinary noise, which I found was caused by the water pouring down on the very hole from which the steam escaped."

The country beyond Roturoa towards the interior is, in winter, often covered with snow, which lies on the hills for a week together. At length, Towpo was seen, "and a splendid sight it was." The clouds opening for a moment, disclosed the peak of Tongadido, covered with snow, and vomiting forth a dense column of smoke. But here our author shall himself relate what he saw:—

"Towpo (Taupo, missionary spelling,) is one of the most superb lakes in the world—not from its size, although that is considerable, but from the extreme magnificence of the scenery surrounding it. Mr. Chapman considers it to be thirty-five miles long, and twenty broad. I do not think it is quite thirty-five miles, but the width is not over-stated at twenty. It is situated in S. lat. 39° 35'; E. long. 175° (about). These positions are supposed from the bearings of Mount Egmont as it is laid down in the charts. Mount Egmont is visible from a mountain which rises interruptedly from the lake. The form of the lake is a sort of irregular triangle, with the two most distant angles forming the north and south ends. The western shore is apparently nearly straight, and the third point of the triangle will be about the eastern boundary of the lake; at this eastern angle is a deep bay about six miles long, running south-east, which is invisible except almost immediately opposite the entrance. The most peculiar feature in the appearance of Towpo is the immense height of the surrounding cliffs; they are always perpendicular, although in some instances rising in terraces one behind the other, and vary from five hundred to one thousand feet high at several parts of the lake, particularly at the N.N.W. and N.E. sides; these rise perpendicularly from the water to such a height, that I never saw their tops through the clouds for above five minutes together during the whole time I was on the lake (eight days). There are but few places where a canoe can land, and at those the beaches are very short and narrow: they are covered with pumice and black sand, and always indicate the entrance of a small stream of water. There are a number of small waterfalls round the lake, but none of any consequence; the only river or stream of any size which runs into it being the Waikato, which runs in at the only part of the lake (the south end) where the banks for any distance are level and the water shallow. At the north end is a very peculiar mountain, with an outline as regular as if it had been the work of art. At the two extremes of the range are two peaks just alike, and each about one-third the height of the mountain. At about the distance of another third rise two other equal peaks, and in the centre rises the fifth. I suppose it is about five thousand feet high. I am not certain that the centre peak belongs to the same range as the four others. It was undoubtedly considerably farther off, and appeared somewhat bluer than the others. At the south end rose Tongadido, which from the north-east part seemed to overhang the lake; but when we reached the south end it was invisible, and I did not again see it till after ascending a mountain, which cost us four hours' hard labour to climb. It does not happen above every other day that one end of the lake is to be seen from the other—at least so the natives said."

This romantic region is extremely populous, although comparatively sterile. Mr. Bidwill was everywhere well received by the natives, who, bating their cannibal feasts, are perhaps not more savage than the wholly uneducated portion of the lower orders in Europe. He even ascended Tongadido, notwithstanding that it was *tabooed*, and narrowly escaped being overwhelmed by an eruption. He says:—

"After I had ascended about two-thirds of the way, I got into what appeared a water-course, the

solid rock of which, although presenting hardly any projecting points, was much easier to climb than the loose dust and ashes I had hitherto scrambled over. It was lucky for me another eruption did not take place while I was in it, or I should have been infallibly boiled to death, as I afterwards found that it led to the lowest part of the crater, and from indubitable proofs that a stream of hot mud and water had been running there, during the time I saw the smoke from the top. The crater was the most terrific abyss I ever looked into or imagined. The rocks overhung it on all sides, and it was not possible to see above ten yards into it from the quantity of steam which it was continually discharging. From the distance I measured along its edge, I imagine it is at least a quarter of a mile in diameter, and is very deep. The stones I threw in, which I could hear strike the bottom, did not do so in less than seven to eight seconds; but the greater part of them I could not hear. It was impossible to get on the inside of the crater, as all the sides I saw were, if not quite precipitous, actually overhanging, so as to make it very disagreeable to look over them. The rocks on the top were covered with a whitish deposit from the stream, and there was plenty of sulphur in all directions; but the specimens were not handsome, being mixed with earth. I did not stay at the top so long as I could have wished, because I heard a strange noise coming out of the crater, which I thought betokened another eruption. I saw several lakes and rivers, and the country appeared about half covered with wood, which I should not have thought had I not gone to this place. The mountains in my immediate neighbourhood were all covered with snow, and much below me."

On his return from Towpo, Mr. Bidwill crossed the valley of the Waikato, which he pronounces to be rich and fertile, and then returned to Tawanga; but not deterred by his past fatigues and dangers—for his natives had, on one occasion, a narrow escape of being killed—he soon after set out on another excursion north-westwards, across the mountains, to the valley of the Thames. Though we hastily pass over the many anecdotes with which he enlivens the narrative of his journey, we cannot omit his description of the country at which he had now arrived:—

"We continued (he says) our descent of the mountain, and entered the great plain of the Thames, or 'Waiho,' the most splendid piece of country I have met with for the purposes of colonization. This plain is, I should think, about one hundred miles long, and varying from twenty to thirty broad; it runs north and south, being bounded on the east by the perpendicular wall of the Arrohaw, and on the west by the mountains on the west coast. The river Thames runs through it, and is deep enough to be navigated by track boats or light steamers for a great distance. At the place I crossed it was about five feet deep and one hundred yards wide; the stream is however so strong, in spite of the apparently perfect level of the country, that it would be useless to attempt ascending it by oars, or sails. The whole plain, with very little exception, is clear of wood: it is abundantly watered, and would I think be one of the most splendid situations for a colony that could be found in the whole world. It must not be considered that this plain belongs to the river, for it is evident that such is not the case, as it is impossible so insignificant a river could have scooped out such a valley. The river, it is true, runs through it, but is also formed in it by the innumerable streams which run off its mountainous barriers on both sides; it in fact takes its rise in the plain, and consequently could not have formed it. The body of the soil is, as are all the best soils in the country, decayed pumice; but in several parts, more especially on the east of the river, I saw large tracts covered with stones: these tracts, however, formed a mere trifle in comparison with the good parts. The chief fault of the plain at present is its excessive wetness,—about one half is a complete marsh; but nothing would be easier than to drain it; and which ought to be done, at a very trifling expense, as there are deep water-courses running through the plain in all directions much lower than the marshy spots; but they have always elevated banks, which prevent their acting as drains for the portions of land which they traverse, but as soon as the bank was cut through, the

land would drain itself. The longest marsh we had to cross to-day was about four miles; the natives wanted to carry me as they had previously done, but I was afraid of their falling with me and making me dirtier than I should be in wading through the mud without their assistance. I nearly struck fast several times, and was obliged to tie my shoes with flax, in order to keep them on my feet: the mud was in many places three feet deep, of a soft custard-like consistency, and of a light brown colour, from the decomposed vegetable matter."

The native village of Mattamatta, situate in this fine valley, is famed for the turbulence and dishonesty of its inhabitants, the beauty of its ladies, and the multitude of its pigs. "From all my observations at the Thames, where I remained some weeks, (says Mr. Bidwill,) I think it is the proper place for a settlement; except, perhaps, Port Nicholson, it is certainly the most desirable situation in the island." At the time when this sentence was written, our traveller had not yet seen Port Nicholson; but as he subsequently visited that settlement, we cannot refrain from quoting the mature opinion of so competent a judge, respecting the advantages of a site, the eligibility of which has been much disputed: we may premise, however, that the river Thames is not accessible for vessels of moderate burden, and that the valley, with all its fertility, is remote from any good harbour. Our traveller observes that:—

"In Port Nicholson the farmer has the advantage of his port-town close to him, whilst on the Thames he is from thirty to forty miles from it, and consequently from his market; the almost total absence of timber on the Thames will also be a serious difficulty to the farmer, as he will, in most instances, be obliged to bring his wood for all purposes from a distance, besides buying, instead of cutting it upon his own land. The only advantage the Thames has over the Hutt is its plain, admirably adapted for rearing herds of cattle without the labour of cultivation, and I have no doubt, in a few years, it will be so occupied from New South Wales, by persons accustomed to that kind of employment; but I apprehend few from this place would at present feel disposed to embark in such a speculation. I can say, moreover, from all I have seen or heard of the different harbours of New Zealand, Port Nicholson is by far the best for the settlement of a new colony, not only from its geographical situation, but because the site of the town is much superior to any that has yet been found in the country; and there is abundance of excellent land, sufficient for the employment of any amount of population there may be for twenty years to come."

He adds:—

"At the Bay of Islands it is almost impossible to find a place suitable for the site even of a moderate village, and the country is so rough and broken, that there are no means of going from one part of the Bay to another by land."

Yet it is in the midst of the crags of the Bay of Islands that the Lieut.-Governor has determined to fix the seat of government. The northern island of New Zealand may be compared to the carcass of a fat buck, of which the Company have cleverly seized on the hind quarters, while Her Majesty's representative sits down solemnly to feast on the head and antlers. But the sullen mistrust and ill-concealed hostility with which that vicarial potentate regards his subjects, are productive of serious evils, which cannot be too speedily remedied. The population of Port Nicholson, as we are informed by the Hon. H. W. Petre, is, at present, at least 4,000. It is obvious, therefore, that the new settlement is, in respect of numbers, capital, conduct, skill, and organization, actually the head quarters of European civilization in New Zealand. Yet the Lieut.-Governor, scorning to consult the interests and inclinations of the settlers, fixes on a craggy isthmus at one extremity of the insular group, for the site of the colonial capital, and perseveringly keeps aloof from "the demagogues." Nay, it is said by the

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Hon. H. W. Petre, whose Account is written in the language of a sensible and temperate man, that the Lieut.-Governor has even gone so far as to entice away settlers from Port Nicholson, to his proclaimed capital, Auckland,—a proceeding which might be characterized in severe terms, seeing that the Association is under obligations to government and to the purchasers of land, to establish on the granted territory a certain amount of population.

But it is not in the power of any ill-humoured or bungling official to prevent the prosperity and increase of the new settlement, nor to hinder the spread of colonization on the Middle and Southern (or Stewart's) Island. The last, though six degrees further south than Port Nicholson, still enjoys a climate at least as mild as that of the British Islands. The plain and ingenuous Account of the Hon. H. W. Petre satisfies us that a healthy scion has been already planted in a genial soil, and that it will speedily branch out with a vigour and luxuriance astonishing even to those who have always expected the most favourable results.

Memoirs of Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, Knt., containing his Speeches and Poems. Edited by J. A. Manning, Esq. Boone.

Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, although now albeit forgotten, was a personage of some note in his day. He was the friend of Sir Henry Wotton and of Camden; an associate of Ben Jonson, who complimented him with two laudatory epigrams, and was on such intimate terms with the Earl of Pembroke, that, lawyer though he was, he joined with him in composing several poems, in which, as in the *tensons* of the troubadours, a poetic strife was carried on, "conversation-wise." In the 15th of James the First, Rudyerd was appointed "Surveyor" of that iniquitous court, termed "His Majesty's Court of Wards and Liveries," and held that office, the duties of which he appears to have fulfilled honourably and conscientiously until 1646, when it was abolished, and he received 6,000*l.* as compensation. During these years he was an active member of parliament, and the speeches which he made on different occasions form the chief portion of the volume before us.

It is creditable to Rudyerd, that although personally honoured by the monarch, and holding profitable office in a court scarcely inferior in iniquity to the Star Chamber, and the High Commission, he should yet have warmly advocated the rights of parliament. In 1627 he joined with Coke, Elliot, and Pym, in the contest for liberty which laid the foundation of that more effectual struggle twelve years after. The following extract from one of his speeches at this period, is characteristic of the parliamentary mode of speaking at that time, and gives a note of warning which it had been well had the unhappy king attended to:—

"For my own part, I shall be very glad to see that good old decrepit law Magna Charta, which hath been kept so long, and lien bed-ridden as it were; I shall be glad, I say, to see it walk abroad again with new vigour and lustre, attended by the other six statutes; for questionless it will be a great heartening to all the people. I doubt not, but by a free conference with the Lords, we shall happily fall upon a fair and fit accommodation concerning the liberty of our persons and property of our goods. I hope we shall have a bill to agree on the point, against imprisonment for loans on privy seals. But as for *intrinsic power and reason* of state, they are matters in the clouds, where I desire we may leave them, and not meddle with them at all, lest by way of admittance we may lose somewhat of that which is our own already. Yet this, by the way, I will say of reason of state, that in the latitude by which 'tis used, it hath eaten out almost, not only the laws, but all the religion of Christendom. Now, Mr. Speaker, I will only remember you of one precept, and that

of the wisest man, 'Be not over wise, be not over just;' and he cited his reason, 'for why wilt thou be desolate?' If justice and wisdom may be stretched to desolation, let us thereby learn that moderation is the virtue of virtues and wisdom of wisdoms. Let it be our masterpiece so to carry our business that we may keep parliaments on foot. For as long as they be frequent, there will be no irregular power, which, though it cannot be broken at once, yet in a short time will be made weaker and moulder away. There can be no total and final loss of liberty but by loss of parliaments; for as long as they last, what we cannot get at one time we shall have at another. Let no man think that what I have said is the language of a private end, my aim is only for the good success of the whole; for, I thank God, my mind stands above any fortune that is to be gotten by base or unworthy means. No man is bound to be rich or great; no, nor to be wise: but every man is bound to be honest. Out of my heart have I spoken."

At the beginning of the Long Parliament, Rudyerd, although more than seventy years old, was at his post; but, while those who had formerly joined in his advocacy of parliamentary freedom, took a far bolder tone than heretofore, Rudyerd, probably from the timidity scarcely separable from advanced age, earnestly urged "a temperate moderation." But the experience of twelve years had taught the leaders of the Long Parliament that "moderation" had been exercised too long. Still, when that parliament met in November, Rudyerd, true to his ancient principles, delivered an excellent speech, in which he bore ample testimony to the "distresses and miseries" of a period which Clarendon has described as almost a golden age. The subsequent measures of the parliament met with his decided, although cautious approval; nor was it until the appeal to arms that Rudyerd, although he still remained in parliament, became neutral. At this period of his Memoir the editor waxes very wroth, and remarks, that the parliament "had successfully sapped all the sacred foundations of the kingdom." "The appetite for change," continues Mr. Manning, "is ever most insatiable, and thus, from humble suitors for redress of grievances, the Commons became authoritative dictators,—not limiting the extent of change necessary to ensure the liberty and happiness of the people, by a general measure founded on the pure doctrine of the positive rights of man, to which, under such straits, the King, no doubt, would have assented." "The pure doctrine of the positive rights of man!"—what notion had any of the Stuart dynasty, we should like to know, of any human being possessing rights save their royal selves? Mr. Manning writes himself "of the Inner Temple," we are therefore rather surprised that a student of law should view the third estate of the realm as mere "humble suitors for redress of grievances." Truly, if the Commons were no more than "humble suitors," it is strange they should have possessed the important right of granting or withholding the supplies. After remarks such as these, we are not surprised to find Mr. Manning vituperating "the little Napoleon of that day," and exclaiming, "O what a lesson to uncompromising patriots, to the lovers of political agitation!" That the lesson is an important one we willingly admit, but that the efforts of the Long Parliament were "to no other purpose than to raise a plebeian canting hypocrite to despotic power, which he wielded with foul, offensive tyranny," as Mr. Manning remarks, the merest schoolboy knowledge of history disproves. How long will such writers persist in passing over, almost with a dash of the pen, the heavy accumulation of wrong which at length drove a people to resistance, while they minutely note down each act of popular violence, and babble about "the insatiable appetite for change," "the turbulence of democracy;" as if these stereo-

typed phrases could explain anything? History proves that it is no easy matter to rouse a people to arms—that the efforts of the wildest agitators have been vain, unless some visible, tangible grievance, of which they and their fathers have unavailingly complained, was there; some grinding monopoly, some prohibitory tax. In vain does the political agitator address a well-fed, well-clothed people; it is not the fine-spun theory, but the pressure of actual want—want of food, that is the great revolutionizer.

On this point, the worthy subject of Mr. Manning's biography held widely different views from those of his editor; for again and again in his speeches he points out the necessity of yielding to the demands of the nation; and although on some measures he voted with the minority, he continued a member of the Long Parliament until 1648, when he formed one of the majority that voted "the King's answers to both houses are a ground for the house to proceed upon for the settlement of the peace of the kingdom." The dissolution of the Long Parliament followed, as our readers are aware, and Sir Benjamin Rudyerd seems to have suffered a short imprisonment. He was soon released, and retiring to his seat at Westwoodhay, he passed the remainder of his days in quiet, and died in 1658, at the age of eighty-six years.

To the Memoir are appended the joint poems of Rudyerd and the Earl of Pembroke. On this subject Mr. Manning remarks:—

"In his time there were but few stars in the poetical hemisphere. Shakspeare, the greatest philosophical poet the world had produced, confined himself principally to the grander style of blank verse. It cannot be denied that the language of Ben Jonson is often cramped and quaint, as compared with that of the present day; and if we except these two great men, whom Nature had sent to teach the young idea, poetry may be said to have been in its infancy. Poetry, indeed, at the period in question, was almost mechanical, and consisted in preserving a consistent metre in imitation of Latin verse, with *idem sonantes* terminations. An easy flowing verse, an euphonious line, is rarely to be met with in the poems of that age, if we except Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, Spenser, and a few others, in whose works they are occasionally discovered; though very shortly afterwards they burst forth in all the splendour of native genius."

So Shakspeare's Poems, and Ben Jonson's Songs, the most melodious that were ever penned, and the poems scattered throughout his *Masques*, the *Forest* and the *Underwood*—merely serve them as exceptions; and Spenser can only furnish an "occasional" easy flowing line; and Marlowe, whose translation of *Musæus* is melody itself, to say nothing of the floating melody which runs throughout all his writings, or his 'Come live with me,' which yet lingers in popular remembrance; and Chapman, the continuator of *Musæus*, and Fletcher, with his 'Faithful Shepherdess,' and all the contemporary dramatists, and Daniel, and Drayton, and Withers, and Herrick, and a score of other "sweet singing birds," as they have been called, cannot among them contribute an "occasional" line to save them from condemnation: and yet the gentleman who pronounces judgment has "twice presumptuously invaded the territory of the Muses." So be it—we recommend the poet critic to shake hands with the constitutional critic, for they are *arcades ambo*, and the Middle Temple may be proud of them.

But though it is our misfortune to differ from Mr. Manning as much in his poetical as his political judgments—we agree with him that some of the poems in this small collection are sweetly musical—and here is proof:—

Shepherd, gentle shepherd, hark!
As one that canst call rightest
Birds by their name,
Both wild and tame,
And in their notes delightest!

What voice is this, I pray thee mark,
With so much music in it?
Too sweet, methinks, to be a lark,
Too loud to be a linnet.
Nightingales are more confused,
And decant more at random,
Whose warbling throats,
To hold our notes,
Their airy tunes abandon.
Angels stoop not now-a-days,
Such quirsies forsake us;
Yet syrens may
Our loves betray,
And wretched prisoners make us;
Yet they must use some other ways
Than singing to deprive us
Of our poor lives, since such sweet lays
As these would soon revive us.

Dialogue between Lord Pembroke as the man, and Sir Benjamin Rudyard as the woman.

Man. Be not proud 'cause fair and true;
But let those lips be basted:
Those eyes will hollow prove, and dim;
That lip and brow be wasted.
And to love, who'll be persuaded,
Sullied flowers or beauty faded?
Woman. Could rose or lily purer be,
'Cause they smell'd or look'd like me?
Yet pride should never reach my mind;
But beauty, though it useless lie,
Is kept from stains by being laid by:
So 't is better to be chaste than kind.
Man. Oh! thou art soft as is the air,
Or the words that court the fair.
Then let those flames by lovers felt,
That scorch'd my heart, make thine to melt.
Woman. Thy words are sweet as is deceit;
Sugar'd as the lover's bait;
And do whisper in mine ear,
Love makes bargains sweet, but dear.
Man. Thou know'st not, then, that all the fair
Give youth to love, and age to prayer?
Woman. 'T is a doctrine cannot be
Sound in you or safe in me.

The appendices to the book are, we think, more interesting than the biography itself. The following notes on Paris, two hundred years ago, are curious: the editor is uncertain whether they are the reminiscences of Sir Benjamin Rudyard himself, or the remarks of his grandson:—

"The more you look on't, ye more you'll be in love with it. Let not a day passe (for you must not respect dirt, O! if you had seen me in that town) wherein you do not note something in your itinerary. There is a palace, a church, a monastery, a library, a garden, etc., for every day in the year. Besides, in the Rue S. Jacques, many a despicable stall will afford you rare books, &c., especially the Court of ye Sorbonne. The Pont Neuf is worth your notice, and (before my good friend Mons^r. Sinclair dyed) the house of the Samaritan there (as despicable as it looks) was as rarely furnished with all sorts of collections as any palace in Italy for the quantity. Desire to see it and the grotto of shells, also ye passage which he cut to go into a cave under ye bridge. The brazen cavalier or H. 4. on the bridge was done by Jo. de Bologne, and is an admirable statue, comparable to most in Italie. The island is inhabited by goldsmiths and rare artists of all sorts, and is worth considering. * * Remember to go to the halls (piazza's so called) and see what rare and goodly fruits there are, but you must go by 4 in ye morning. The arch in ye Rue Dauphine is a good piece of architecture. Step to Marets du Temple, a well-built Palais, full of noblesse; then to another piazza, a Cour garden, but not so pleasant, yet a melancholique fair place, there is a horse in imitation of that on the bridge; the horse is rare, but the rider not so good, workmanship, this is cal'd the Place Royal. * * The Louvre will require thorough views. If the designe be followed, it must needs be the most glorious court for building in Europe. One court began by H. IV. and finished by Lewis ye XIII. a noble structure, but the gallery is the most famous: The frieze-work over it very gallant architecture, but it consists of divers sorts. Under it (beside many other rare workmen, whom ye K. allows house-room and provisions) is the King's printing-house; buy the poets at least, the King sells good penniworths. If a man would buy the Counsels, there were a collection to bring into England! The staircase in Mademoiselles logings over ye garden, by the Gallery, is as hardy a piece of architecture as any you will ever see. Greenwich is a ladder to it. The cupola is not despicable. There is another large gallery which

you must see; it is full of pictures, which though no famous work, yet for being very like most of ye grantees of the Kdome, when it most flourished, I much esteeme. The Salle des Antiques you must needs see; it is nobly built, and that purposely for a repository of rare pieces of antique statuary. There is the original Diana Ephesia, which gave oracles, and another vast designe of many figures, all of one stone. Do not forget to see one of the wind-guns; there is an ingenioso that makes them under the Gallerie. And then take a walk into the Tuilleries, especially on holy-day evenings, for (though Luxembourg be a finer garden yet) there is better company, and you will at ye Echo hear one or other sing rarely. This garden hath one of the goodliest walks in the world, in my mind; there is also a cypress grove and a pool, aviary, &c., and without it a most elegant garden indeed, commonly kept locked; but if you espie your opportunity when some great man goes in, you may see it and be satisfied; I think Mons^r de Fresne hath it, whose collection must be seen. Here you will begin to see something of a court, and will find the French to be a silent and civil nation; I mean the best sort. There is another private garden which hath a long aviary to the street side; but you must not pass the mint, and see them mill their noble money. Mons^r. Vavanne, who governeth that business, built his house, garden, all since I knew it, out of a stinking ditch, and hath now rendred it hugely delightsome; 'tis on the other side of Mademoiselle's garden. Get to see the closet: the moulds from the life, ye best in Europe. You must sometime to ye Courts, where you will behold ye civil order of their recreation, and ye magnificence of ye French Court and the entrance was built by M. de Medicis, and is of noble designe."

Whoever was the writer, his enthusiasm for the arts at a period when little taste for them was expressed in England, is striking. He notes at Fontainebleau "three Madonnas of Raphael, worth their weight in gold," "a gallant fountain of Diana" in the Jardin de la Regne, and gives numberless directions where the best private collections of pictures are to be seen, and where the best prints may be purchased. The following are minute and curious:—

"If Mr M. will be curious for prints (web I cannot but approve of) every corner of the streets in Paris will afford him variety and excellent penniworths, and some good things: but if he would store himself with a series of some good things indeed, let him repair to Madame Chartres, dict l'Angloise, at ye Hercules Pillars, Rue St. Jacques. The old masters are very dear in France, and so are ye Italian masters, as Marc Antonio's, &c.; but French pieces will come at easy rates; and, in my judgment, being most of them landscapes and pieces done by places themselves,—there is nothing comparable to a collection of them. The most famous are Israel's, Perelle's, Delabella's, Morin's, Bosse's, and whatever hath been designed by Lindaire; for faces Nanteuil; the bat-tails of ye Pr de Condy, ye rare things of Natalis, Melan, and Callot, and a world of others; for Paris is full of admirable masters in this art; his own genius will direct his choice. My way was to procure all I could of the things I had seen, of gardens, towns, houses, etc., that I might fix the places the better in my memory, and delight myself sometimes with contemplating on them. For books you have the Derne for oracle, and the Stamparia at ye Louvre, where you may have anything that is rare, either in Latin or Italian. Via Jaul is famous through the world: the Sorbon for old books, and S. Germain's fair for all sorts and best pennyworths."

The letters of Captain Rudyard, "a great-great-grandson" of the subject of these Memoirs, also appended, and referring to a very different period, and very different scenes, are pleasant. In whatever other respects we surpass our great-grandfathers, we do not equal them in the ease and graceful gaiety of their epistolary style. Here is a pleasant letter from a captain in the Coldstream, while on duty in Flanders:—

"Madam,—I am at a loss for any excuse for my having been so long silent, but assuring you I am at present as much to seek for matter to entertain you as I was a fortnight ago. * * We have, every now

and then, the satisfaction of hearing the sound of cannon from a busy, troublesome set of people that are amusing themselves with taking and losing towns, but at such a distance, we intrepidly give it the hearing without much concerning ourselves about it, though possibly in the end they may be cutting out work for us. Never sure were people in a campaign so little martial or more indifferent about what passes,—a clean shirt and a good dinner every day, this to us old experienced officers is quite trifling. What! receive the King's pay and do nothing? Preposterous! This, I believe, is a good deal the voice of the good common council of Cripple-gate ward and others. Patience, it will be our turn by and by, we shall have the honour of being Gazetteered in our place, at least I expect a whole paragraph in the 'Evening Post' for my own share. The several mayors and corporations shall have the pleasure of a list of the killed and wounded, not that I have personally any great ambition to be of the number. I don't doubt but you good people of England think that we have nothing to do but to go and take the whole French army upon our backs, and walk off with them; let them know we are too wise to encumber ourselves with any such useless baggage. Poor souls, let them be quiet; they do us no harm! They only take possession of two or three Dutch barrier towns,—what's that to us? Our plays and Vauxhalls will be as much frequented as if nothing of this had ever happened. Indeed, one inconvenience seems inevitable,—French wines and French caps will be a little rare; but as the number of those that drink the one or wear the other is so inconsiderable, that is but of little concern. The worst is, I paid my French tailor before all this disturbance happened, so that I shall not be much the better for it; but there are some honest gentlemen of my acquaintance to whom this consideration may be of importance. But now, alas! my spirits sink. My servant has just brought me the disagreeable tidings of an irreparable loss: how shall I write it?—my best horse is no more! He has just given up the ghost. I have no money to buy another, or, if I had, do I know where to purchase one so fit for my purpose. He deserves more praises than Strada's sparrow or Phillis's lapdog; but I am too much depressed with the sad remembrance to be poetical, otherwise I should honour his memory with an epitaph suitable to the many meritorious, laudable qualifications of the defunct. Poor beast! he died an untimely death of his wounds; I hope this fatality to my family will not be ominous. You will imagine by my style that excess of grief has deprived me of my senses. No, I bore it philosophically, that is, I swore, found it would do no good, so held my tongue. I have known people, who for the absurdity of an epistle, have excused themselves by saying, 'I wrote this in a coffee-house surrounded by a multitude.' Now, I think I have as good a plea for mine, who am at present disturbed by a confusion of cannon, drums, swearing, crying, and a distracted noise of twenty thousand clamorous people who adjure all pretence to order and silence, of which the polling at an election, an execution at Tyburn, or a cockpit, can give you but a faint idea. A short interval of quiet occasioned by the men's going to church, which we soldiers sometimes do, gives me an opportunity of telling you explicitly, I am, Madam, &c."

And to whom does the reader suppose this lively epistle is addressed? To some gay cousin, or fair friend of twenty-five? No, to the Captain's grandmother! the Hon. Mrs. Chaplin. We wish a specimen of the old lady's letters had been also preserved: we think she must have been a kind of English Ninon. The Captain's letters to his sister, too, are lively and pleasant; here is part of one, written just before the battle of Fontenoy, and with it we must conclude:—

"The army is encamped on French ground, about three miles from the city of Lisle, whose walls I think are too thick for us to venture to run our heads against them. There happen daily little skirmishes between our hussars and their parties, but nothing very material. I confess our forced march, and the expedition and alertness with which it was pursued, made us imagine we were going to some better amusement than lying still; but we were in the condition of a giddy messenger who sets out in a great

hurry, for I was ready to dispose of for a grenadier but could not do neither that would be a pity and a consequence there is no and that as we did more act and had year forty ing, I am England some you shattered sion. S follow the. The Rid in bobbing smart can officers a compassi nicate the pate the enue ob lieve nob la galere but you entertain it as it co The C quoted, the 'M Vane']

Ancient man's Lock Murr It may literatur ally, Spain. penden invaders rous sp nary con singulati ners, w esting th these c these b Most but in S been fo much t during sion, w mount If, on c— if, du often sh Califs, and the their he again t death statesm duce, Alexan and rel Gonzal territor who c m rilla ch

hurry, forgets his errands, and is forced to stop to recollect, or go back to know what he was sent for. I was really contemplating what limb I could best dispose of, as I thought that a reasonable composition for a grenadier officer, if a leg, I could drive a chaise, but could not dance a minuet, which to us skipping captains is no small consideration; if an arm, I could do neither: so, upon the whole, I should prefer a bullet directly applied to my head or my heart, as that would at once effectually cure me of my stupidity and love, both which inconveniences I am terribly perplexed with, one being generally the consequence of the other; though I fancy at present there is no great likelihood of trying that application, and that probably we shall yawn out this campaign as we did the last, in hopes that the next may prove more active; not that I am at all for postponing, and had as willingly undergo an amputation in the year forty-four as any other, though, seriously speaking, I am more concerned for the dear creatures in England than as it regards ourselves. So many handsome young fellows kicking and sprawling, like a shattered covey of partridges, is a melancholy supposition. Such a deluge of tears as must necessarily follow the demolition of so many *beaux garçons*! The Ridotto empty, the Opera deserted, Templars in bobwigs to supply the place of such well-dressed, smart cavaliers,—"Comme les sont messieurs les officiers de notre armée." Oh! shocking! Out of compassion to their fair acquaintance, don't communicate these doleful tidings, as that will be to anticipate the grief that, sooner or later, must inevitably come our first action. When it is to happen, I believe nobody can pretend to determine. "*Et vogue la galère je ne m'en soucie guères*," &c. I don't doubt but you will be extremely diverted with this most entertaining epistle; I can't help it, you must take it as it comes to assure you, I am, &c.

The Captain Rudyerd whose letters we have quoted, is the Mr. R. mentioned by Smollett in the 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality,' [Lady Vane] introduced into 'Peregrine Pickle.'

Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. Translated, with Notes, by J. G. Lockhart, Esq. A new Edition, revised. 4to. Murray.

It may be confidently asserted, that nothing in literature bears so strong an impression of nationality, as the ancient ballads or romances of Spain. The hard struggles of her sons for independence—their deep, inveterate hatred of the invaders—the religious enthusiasm and chivalrous spirit which they carried into the sanguinary conflict with the enemies of their faith—the singular mixture of northern and oriental manners, which, to this day, distinguish that interesting portion of Europe—all and every one of these characteristics are indelibly stamped on these ballads.

Most nations have had their popular songs; but in Spain, under the Goths, these must have been few and unexpressive. Nor was there much temptation to indulge in such nationalities during the first ages after the Mohammedan invasion, when the Christians were cooped up in their mountain fastnesses, and fighting for existence. If, on occasions, victory crowned their exertions—if, during those periods of civil strife, which often shook to its foundations the throne of the Califs, a successful inroad gained for them some accession of territory; the civil war once at an end, the Mohammedan was sure to recover their hard-earned conquests, and drive them back again to their mountains. But when, after the death of Almanzor, the greatest warrior and statesman that Mohammedan Spain ever produced, the vast empire of the Califs, like that of Alexander, was parcelled out among his generals and relatives; when the Christians under Ferran Gonzalez began to take gigantic strides into their territory; when lastly every military adventurer who could muster a few score of followers assumed the right of conquest, and, like the guerrilla chiefs of modern times, assailed the defence-

less points of the enemy's frontier; it became evident that the Mohammedan power was fast declining, and that a new era had begun for the Christian race, so long oppressed.

Greater intercourse, however, appears at all times to have existed between these hostile nations than is generally acknowledged by the Christian chroniclers. Even in the prosperous days of the Califate, and when the unbounded success of their arms must naturally have rendered the Moslems more haughty, and less tolerant, Christian knights visited Cordova, and lived in comparative security among the people of their own creed, and Christian youths studied under Mohammedan philosophers; but at the period to which we allude, when Mohammedan Spain was divided into sundry petty kingdoms, whose rulers were at constant war amongst themselves, that mutual hatred and prejudice which always existed between the races, was, from various causes, much softened, and the people associated freely with each other. If one Moslem Prince made war against another, the knights of Castile and Arragon would, like the Italian *condottieri*, sell their services to the highest bidder. Thus Mohammedan and Christian were frequently in pursuit of a common foe; and the most distinguished warriors of the latter nation often served their first campaigns under the banners of the Prophet.

During this eventful period, when Christian and Moor seem to have formed but one nation, appeared Rodrigo de Bivar, a warrior whose renown may be said to be identified with that of his country. Whatever we may think of the fabulous exploits of Bernardo del Carpio, the hero of Roncevaux—whose name is not so much as mentioned by the monkish chroniclers of the time—this may be said of the Cid, that his conquests, and most of the acts of his glorious career, are corroborated by such a mass of testimony, both Christian and Moslem, as to render unwarrantable the bold assertions of those writers who, like Masdeu and Dunham, have even denied his existence. The Arabian chroniclers, it must be confessed, do not paint him in very bright colours. They describe him as a faithless and vindictive freebooter, with whom pillage and murder were a constant, and, it would appear, a favourite pastime, and as guilty of acts of cruelty not to be excused even in that semi-barbarous age. Upon one occasion, he caused the Cadi of Valencia, which city he had reduced, to be burnt alive, because he would not declare where his treasure lay: at another time, having taken a border castle, he ordered all the women and children to be put to the sword in the presence of their husbands and fathers, who were then tied to trees and shot at by his archers, he himself setting them the example, and distributing prizes to the best marksmen! Yet that the Moors respected, or rather feared him, appears from their giving him the surname of *Sid*, a word meaning "Lord" in their language, and a title by which the Princes of the blood of Abdulmumen, whose posterity occupied the throne of Africa and Spain, are generally designated by the Arabian historians.

It was, no doubt, about this time that these ballads or romances began to multiply, and to assume their distinctive character. The national language too, was, no doubt, in some degree modified and improved by the long supremacy of the Arabs, and was rapidly acquiring that flexibility which so well adapted it for the purposes of popular poetry.

This naturally leads us to the consideration of a question which has engaged the attention of Depping, Bouterwek, and other German critics, and upon which Mr. Lockhart has also given an opinion, namely,—to what period must we refer the composition of the oldest Spanish romances

now extant? In the first Cancionero, printed at Seville in 1510, the collector introduces what he calls the works of *ancient and modern* poets—meaning, we conceive, by the former, all who preceded John of Mena, the celebrated author of 'Las Trescientas'; and by the latter, those who flourished in the second half of the fifteenth century. As, however, several pieces in that collection bear the name of the Infante Don Juan Manuel, we conclude that these, at least, were composed as early as the middle of the fourteenth century, since that Prince died in 1362. Therefore, though we do not agree with Mr. Lockhart, "that the ballads of Don Juan Manuel are among the most modern in the whole collection," we do not hesitate to say, that several may be as old as the beginning of the twelfth century.

To attempt to point these out, would perhaps prove a hopeless task; for how are we to determine to what age ballads belong, whose authors are, in most cases, unknown, and whose language has been, in the first instance, altered by minstrels, and then mercileously modernized by collectors? Hernando del Castillo, to whom we owe the first printed collection of ballads, intimates, in his preface, that he could not procure authentic copies of most of those which he printed. The same statement is put forth in 1555, by the editor of the 'Cancionero de Ambreros,' who informs us distinctly, "that he could not answer for the accuracy of many of the ballads, because memory often failed those persons who dictated them to him." In the several collections published during the seventeenth century, so little regard was paid to the genuineness of these venerable relics, that it is not unusual to find, on comparison with older editions, that whole stanzas have been suppressed, or, what is still worse, replaced by modern fabrications. So that if we consider how many alterations these ballads must have previously undergone, in the ages which preceded the discovery of printing, and when they existed only in the memories of the people, and were transmitted orally from generation to generation, it is not to be wondered at that the earliest collections afford no internal evidence as to the point in question.

Among the historical ballads, those relating to the Cid appear to us to be the most ancient. There can be little doubt, that in a country like Spain, the achievements of a favourite hero would soon be embalmed in verse. Whoever has perused attentively the rhymed chronicle of the Cid—which, according to its editor, Sanchez, was written about the middle of the twelfth century, that is, about sixty years after the death of that hero—must have risen from it with the conviction that it is posterior to the ballads—nay, made up of them; for it requires no very great sagacity to discover many of the octosyllabic verses of the "redondilla," incorporated, as it were, in the rude Alexandrine in which the poem is composed. Not all the ballads, however, which relate to the exploits of the Cid are of the same date; many of them bear evident traces of having been written in the fifteenth century; and there is every reason to believe that Luis de Escobar, who first collected and printed them in 1605, did not resist the temptation of introducing a few of his own into the collection. The one, for instance, translated by Mr. Lockhart, wherein the Cid is said to have gone to Rome, to represent his sovereign, Don Sancho, at a council held by the Pope, is doubtless modern. Not only are there many words and expressions which were not in use until the middle of the sixteenth century, but the principal incident in the ballad—the Cid kicking down the ivory stool of the French Ambassador, because it was placed a little higher than his own—shows the author to

have been a soldier of Charles V., rather than a minstrel of the Middle Ages.

Next to the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, Ferran Gonzalez, and the seven sons of Lara, are the most common subjects in the legendary poetry of Spain; and the treachery of their uncle, Ruy Velasquez, the sorrow of their disconsolate father, Gonzalo Gustoz, and the revenge taken by Mudarra, form the subject of many a favourite ballad. Mr. Lockhart has translated one of them, which we subjoin:—

The Seven Heads.

"Who bears such heart of baseness, a King I'll never call"—
Thus spake Gonzalo Gustos within Almanzor's hall;
To the proud Moor Almanzor, within his kingly hall,
The grey-haired Knight of Lara thus spake before them all:

"In courteous guise, Almanzor, your messenger was sent,
And courteous was the answer with which from me he went;
For why?—I thought the word he brought of a knight and
of a king;

But false Moor henceforth never me to his feast shall bring.

"Ye bade me to your banquet, and I at your bidding came;
Accused be the villany, eternal be the shame;
For ye have brought an old man forth, that he your sport
might be:
Thank God, I cheat you of your joy,—thank God, no tear
you see.

"My gallant boys," quoth Lara, "it is a heavy sight
These dogs have brought your father to look upon this night;
Seven gentler boys, nor braver, were never nursed in Spain,
And blood of Moors, God rest your souls, ye shed on her
like rain.

"Some curriish plot, some trick (God wot!) hath laid you all
so low.

Ye died not all together in one fair battle so;
Not all the misbelievers ever pricked upon your plain
The seven brave boys of Lara in open field had slain.

"The youngest and the weakest, Gonzalez dear! wert thou,
Yet well this false Almanzor remembers thee, I trow;
Oh, well doth he remember how on his helmet rung
Thy fiery mane, Gonzalez! although thou wert so young.

"Thy gallant horse had fallen, and thou hadst mounted
tho;
Upon a stray one in the field,—his own true barb had he;
Oh, hadst thou not pursued his flight upon that runaway,
Ne'er had the catiff 'scaped that night, to mock thy aire to-
day!

"False Moor, I am thy captive thrall; but when thou
bade me forth,
To share the banquet in thy hall, I trusted in the worth
Of kingly promise.—Think'st thou not my God will hear my
prayer?—

Lord! branchless be (like mine) thy tree,—yea, branchless,
Lord, and bare!"

So prayed the Baron in his ire, but when he looked again,
Then burst the sorrow of the sire, and tears ran down like
rain;
Wrath no more could check the sorrow of the old and child-
less man,
And, like waters in a furrow, down his cheeks the salt tears
ran.

He took their heads up one by one,—he kissed them o'er and
o'er,
And aye ye saw the tears down run,—I wot that grief was
sore.

He closed the lids on their dead eyes all with his fingers frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kissed their lips so
pale.

"Oh, had ye died all by my side upon some famous day,
My fair young men, no weak tears then had washed your
blood away!

The trumpet of Castile had drowned the misbelievers' horn,
And the last of all the Lara's line a Gothic spear had borne."

With that it chanced a Moor drew near, to lead him from the
place,
Old Lara stooped him down once more, and kissed Gon-
zalez' face;

But ere the man observed him, or could his gesture bar,
Sudden he from his side had grasped that Moslem's scymitar.

Oh! swiftly from its scabbard the crooked blade he drew,
And, like some frantic creature, among them all he flew;—
"Where, where is false Almanzor?—back, bastards of Ma-
houn!"

And here and there, in his despair, the old man hewed them
down.

A hundred hands, a hundred brands, are ready in the hall,
But ere they master'd Lara, thirteen of them did fall;
He has sent, I ween, a good thirteen of dogs that spurned
his God.

To keep his children company beneath the Moorish sod.

Contemporary with the historical ballads, are those which the Spaniards call "Romances caballerescos" (romantic ballads). They differ from the historical only in this, that they are devoted entirely to the fabulous heroes of chivalry, whilst the former deal exclusively with personages of authentic history, however modified by tradition. This distinction, however, is modern. In the old Cancioneros, the historical

and the romantic ballads are printed promiscuously, without reference to the nature of their contents; thus tacitly implying, that the collectors placed the same faith in the fabulous adventures of Charlemagne and his Paladins, as in the more authentic exploits of their own kings and warriors. Some of the ballads of this class also bear the stamp of great antiquity: indeed, were we to judge only by their language, and the tone of simplicity and primitive rudeness which prevails throughout, we should be disposed to give them precedence over the historical; but as the romantic ballads may not have undergone the same mutations as the historical, either from not having been, at all times, equally popular, or from other incidental causes, the evidence is insufficient to justify such conclusion.

The ballads of this kind which Mr. Lockhart has selected, are among the best of their class. We have the doughty and amorous Moor Calaynos, the far-famed Don Gayferos, who is no other than the Gayfer de Bourdeaux mentioned in the romantic chronicle of Charlemagne, and lastly, Count Alarcos, who, with his own hands, strangled his wife, in obedience to the commands of his sovereign. We select, among the latter, one which has lost nothing of its simplicity and grace in Mr. Lockhart's translation:—

Count Arnaldos.

(This ballad is in the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555. I should be inclined to suppose that

"More is meant than meets the ear,"—
—that some religious allegory is intended to be shadowed forth.)

Who had ever such adventure,
Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befel the Count Arnaldos
At the rising of the sun?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
Burnished poop of beaten gold,—
Many a morn you'll hood your falcon
Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
Golden poops, may come again,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To yon grey-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,
Faith is strong, and Hope is free,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
To the song that rules the sea.

When the grey-haired sailor chaunted,
Every wind was hushed to sleep,—
Like a virgin's bosom panted
All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the star-fish
From her green eye down below,
Right above the eagle poised him,
Holy music charmed them so.

"Stately galley! glorious galley!
God hath pored his grace on thee!
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
Of the dread devouring sea!"

"False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sand-bank, gulf and whirlpool,
All—my glorious galley mocks!"

"For the sake of God, our Maker!
(Count Arnaldos' cry was strong—)
"Old man, art me be partaker
In the secret of thy song!"

"Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!
Hearst I read, and thoughts I know;—
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
In our galley thou must go."

The next in importance among the Spanish ballads, are those called Moorish (Romances Moriscos) by the Spaniards, because they verse on subjects principally taken from the history of the Spanish Moors. With a very few exceptions, they are comparatively modern, being mostly composed after the fall of Granada; several, indeed, may be referred to Ginés Perez de Hita, Padilla, Maldonado, Silvestre, Villegas, and others, who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It has often been said, that these ballads have a Moorish origin, some authors asserting that they were composed by converted Moors, whilst others have gone so far as to say that

they are versions or imitations from the popular songs of the Moors of Granada. Mr. Lockhart has translated separately, and placed in a section by themselves, a few ballads which he pronounces to be " unquestionably of Moorish origin." As to the conjecture that they are translations from the Arabic, it is utterly inadmissible. The opinion that they are the works of converted Moors, has been advocated by many eminent writers, but is not, we think, tenable. That many of the Moriscos, especially in Aragon and Castile, spoke and wrote Spanish with elegance, is undoubted. About the beginning of the fifteenth century, an anonymous writer, who was a Moor, and professed the Mohammedan religion, wrote a Spanish poem in rude Alexandrine verse, not unlike the rhymed chronicle of the Cid. Another Morisco, Mohamad Rabadan by name, who was a native of Rueda, in Aragon, composed several poems, on various subjects—one of which, relating to the life of the Mohammedan Prophet, may be classed among the best productions of the age. Yet however capable of mixing in the general pursuits of literature, it cannot be supposed that men belonging to a persecuted race, for whom the fire and the faggot were kept in readiness in every corner of the Peninsula, and who hated the very name of Christian, would find pleasure in singing those very events by which they had been deprived of their empire, and reduced to the condition of slaves. Even granting that among that proud and high-spirited race, individuals might be found weak or degenerate enough to join in the praises of their oppressors, the palpable, and, we may add, unnecessary deviations from historical truth, the complete ignorance of Arabian manners and customs, the utter disregard of those very practices and ceremonies to which the Moriscos are known to have most pertinaciously adhered to the very last; and last, not least, the many pedantic allusions to mythology and the classics with which the ballads of this class are filled, would render that hypothesis inadmissible. For our part, we cannot believe that a Moor, though converted to Christianity, would give his countrywomen such names as Alminda, Celinda, Felisalba, Arnida, and others evidently borrowed from the Italian romances; or call the departed heroes of his nation Celin, Lisaro, Lisardo, and so forth, and, among other absurdities, clothe them in robes of bright yellow and purple, colours abhorred by the true Moslems, and which, from time immemorial, had been assigned, by the express order of their Califs, as a distinctive mark to the Jews and Christians living in their dominions! But whether the work of Moors or Christians, certain it is, that the Moorish ballads possess a charm not easily matched. The offspring of a riper age of literature, they can boast of a language more polished, and a versification more studied: their fable, too, is more artfully combined; and if, in the eyes of the antiquary and the philologist, they have lost something of the charming simplicity of nature, they possess, on the other hand, all the elegance and the grace of art. The following is a fair specimen of the Moorish ballad:—

The Vow of Reduan.

Thus said, before his lords, the King to Reduan,—
"Tis easy to get words,—deeds get we as we can:
Rememberest thou the feast at which I heard thee saying,
"Twere easy in one night to make me Lord of Jaen?"

"Well, in my mind, I hold the valiant vow was said;
Fulfill it, boy! and gold shall shower upon thy head;
But bid a long farewell, if now thou shrink from doing,
To tower and bonnibell, thy feasting, and thy wooing!"

"I have forgot the oath, if thou I'er did plight,—
But needs thee plighted troth to make a soldier right?
A thousand sabres bring,—we'll see how we may thrive!"

"One thousand!" quoth the King; "I trow thou shalt
have five!"

They passed the Elvira Gate, with banners all displayed,
They passed in mickle state, a noble cavalcade;—
What proud and pawing horses, what comely cavaliers,
What bravery of targets, what glittering of spears!

What caftans blue and scarlet,—what turbans plumed of green;
What waving of their crescents and plumages between;
What buskins and what stirrups,—what rowels chased in gold!
What handsome gentlemen,—what buoyant hearts and bold!

In midst, above them all, rides he who rules the band;
Yon feather white and tall is the token of command:
Ye look to the Alhambra, whence bends his mother down;
"Now Alla save my boy, and merciful Mahoun!"

But 'twas another sight—when Reduan drew near
To look upon the height where Jaen's towers appear;
The fosse was wide and deep, the walls both tall and strong,
And keep was matched with keep the battlements along.

It was a heavy sight,—but most for Reduan;
He sighed as well as he might, ere thus his speech began:
"O Jaen! had I known how high thy bulwarks stand,
My tongue had not outgone the prowess of my hand.

"But since, in hasty cheer, I did my promise plight,
(What well might cost a year) to win thee in a night,—
The pledge demands the paying. I would my soldiers brave
Were half as sure of Jaen, as I am of my grave!

"My penitence comes late,—my death lays not behind;
I yield me up to fate, since hope I may not find!"
With that he turned him round;—"Now, blow your trumpet
High!"

But every spearman frowned, and dark was every eye.

But when he was aware that they would fain retreat,
He spurred his bright bay mare,—I wot her pace was fleet;
He rides beneath the walls, and shakes aloof his lance,
And to the Christians calls, if any will advance!

With that, an arrow flew from o'er the battlement,—
Young Reduan it slew, sheer through the breast it went!
He fell upon the green,—"Farewell, my gallant bay!"
Right soon, when this was seen, broke all the Moor array.

The above is by no means a literal translation of the Moorish ballad beginning—"Reduan bien te acuerdas," but is composed of parts of two romances. Mr. Lockhart, indeed, has not attempted a very literal version of these ballads—the difficulties would have been almost insurmountable. He has, however, caught the spirit of the several pieces he has selected; and his collection, as a whole, offers to the English reader as complete an image of the originals as he could wish for.

We must now turn to the illustrations of this splendid volume, which are carried throughout with a luxury of decoration hitherto unexampled in this country. The borders and vignettes, by Mr. Owen Jones, are printed in brilliant colours and gold. The freedom of design, the variety, and the delicacy and purity of many of the drawings in these ornaments, are worthy of the enthusiastic author of the noble work illustrative of the Architecture of the Alhambra, a work in itself an encyclopedia of decoration. We may particularly notice the first page—an arch on which the title is engraved, completely covered and resplendent with colours and gold, yet perfectly harmonious, from the skill with which they are arranged. If we trace the intricate windings of the foliage in this elaborate work, every curve and every leaf is found graceful in itself, yet finely contrasting with the forms around it. The title-page to the second part, the Moorish Ballads, is even more beautiful: it is an inlay, in mosaic, of elaborate gold fret-work and foliage, surrounded by an open border in azure and gold. Among the numerous fanciful vignettes, we noticed, as particularly beautiful, that surrounding the word "Introduction," and the tail-pieces to Baviaca and Dragut the Corsair. The borders round the letter-press are less to our taste: the arch round the poem of Count Arnaldos is one of the most beautiful, but it loses much of its effect from the colours being too faint. The borders around the Bull-fight at Gazul, and the Zegris bride, are also very elegant. We cannot conclude our notice of these ornamental details, without particularly recommending them to the attentive consideration of our architects and decorators. It will be found, that the study of the Moresque architecture has not led Mr. Jones to the mere copying the details of that style, but that it has given him a mastery in decorative design which we trust to see employed upon more extensive works.

Among the numerous pictorial illustrations,

we specially admire those by C. E. Aubrey and H. Warren. The designs for the Babiaca, the tournament in the Moor Calaynos, the Lament in the Moorish Palace, are good examples by the former: the titles to 'Gareí Perez de Vargas,' and the 'Vengeance of Mudara,' and the tail-piece of galleys quitting the mouth of the Tagus, in the 'Departure of King Sebastian,' are spirited designs by the latter. The 'Vow of Reduan' is well illustrated by Harvey; and the Departure from the Alhambra is one of the best in the volume. Roberts and Allan have also contributed fine or spirited drawings.

The great defect of the book is the want of unity. The designs, being by many different artists, are often not in accordance with each other, although separately beautiful. The decorations are so various in their style, that they contrast too violently. Such a work, too, required a more imposing letter-press, with considerable skill and artist-like feeling in the arrangement of the type. Indeed, to unite into one harmonious whole the borders, vignettes, and the type, the latter ought to have been of a more ornamental character, with corresponding capitals. This, we are aware, was all but impracticable and impossible, as it would have been attended, especially in a single work, with an expense beyond all chance of a remunerative sale. But if the liberality of the publisher be, in this instance, appreciated as it ought to be, it may lead to a still greater perfection in this style of decorative art.

An Endeavour to Classify the Sepulchral Remains in Northamptonshire, &c.; delivered before the Members of the Religious and Useful Knowledge Society. By the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne. Parker.

Mr. Hartshorne is known to the literary world as the author of 'The Book Rarities of Cambridge,' and editor of a collection of ancient poetry. In the present essay, although the path is different, the subject is the same,—the illustration of our national antiquities; and it is gratifying to find a scholar and an antiquary devoting a portion of his time to the instruction of the working classes of Northampton, by directing their observation to the sepulchral remains of their native county. But, although primarily intended for the instruction of the members of "The Religious and Useful Knowledge Society," the essay is by no means superficial or commonplace; while by the addition of numerous notes, information of a superior kind is provided for those who have made antiquarian pursuits their study.

In referring to the earliest modes of interment among the Britons, Mr. Hartshorne specifies not merely Cairns, and Tumuli or Barrows, but Cromlechs, and "circles or enclosures of upright stones," two classes of Druidical monuments, which, as our readers are probably aware, have been generally considered as religious, not sepulchral.

"CROMLECHS (C. Brit. *crom-ilec*, a stone that inclines,) or the second class, have erroneously been considered as Druidical Altars, or stones upon which the Druidic Priesthood performed magical and mysterious rites,—where they sacrificed human victims. This false notion, which had never anything better than conjecture to support it, has continued prevalent in the world down to the present time: and you will scarcely open a book that tells you the truth, or what the real design of these monuments was. Authors have been content to copy each other's fables, none having been at the pains to excavate or dig into any of the monuments in question, so as to ascertain what was the purpose of their erection. The researches that have very recently been made regarding them by my friend Mr. Lukis, in the Channel Islands, in Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and Sark, where they abound, have set their intention completely out of

doubt. Similar operations have been carried on by Mr. Petrie, an eminent Irish antiquary, and have been attended with the same success. The general contents of these Guernsey Cromlechs consist of a stratum of burnt human bones, and coarse unbaked pottery. All the bodies appear to have originally been deposited with some degree of order and care. The surface of the natural soil was rudely paved with flat beach stones. On this pavement was a stratum of rolled pebbles, on which were placed the human ashes and pottery. Above the burnt bones were flat stones similar to those forming the pavement, and over these a thick stratum of limpet shells. In some cases the urns, when nearly perfect, contained the bones; but generally the fragments were scattered about and mixed up with the bones. Mullers, stone-amulets, clay-beads, and stone cells, were the articles chiefly found in them. The Cromlechs are sometimes surrounded by a circle of stones, which brings me to the third class of Sepulchral Monuments I mentioned. And here again I shall correct an error equally prevalent with the one already adverted to. For whilst the Cromlechs have been considered as Druidic Altars, these enclosures of upright stones have in turn been hitherto reputed as Bardic Circles! by which I suppose is meant circles where the ancient bards repeated their poetic triads. But this notion is equally vague and incorrect with the former one. I had long felt dissatisfied with the idea that those circles of upright stones were applied to such refined purposes as was pretended, nor could I at all imagine that savage tribes should cultivate verse to such an extent, that the tops of the highest mountains should be consecrated to their recitation, and become almost covered with monuments within which the Poetic Priesthood of the day rehearsed their effusions. I could not bring myself to believe that wandering barbarians were so highly gited; and I suspected that all authorities which would lead me to accredit such improbable notions might be in error, and not much better than my own. I had stated these opinions pretty boldly in print, before Mr. Lukis made me acquainted with his own labours, or, in fact, before he had commenced them. The result of his operations has fully established my inductions to be facts. They have also been abundantly borne out by the excavations that have recently been carried on within the circles at Killinilla in the county of Sligo, where vestiges of no less than sixty Cromlechs are visible on the top of one mountain alone. And finally, the question has been settled by the additional evidence we have lately derived from antiquaries at Copenhagen, where monuments of this nature are very abundant."

If these opinions be received as conclusive, they may tend to revive the theory, now almost forgotten, which considers Stonehenge itself as a funeral monument erected over the Britons whom tradition reports were murdered, with their kings, at the feast which Saxon treachery had prepared to ratify the peace; while the close connexion which, under every form of religion, has subsisted between religious and funeral rites, will go far to account for the opposite theory having prevailed.

The practice of burying within churches—indeed, even of burying in places closely adjacent—was not introduced at the first preaching of Christianity: St. Augustin himself was buried in the open fields, near the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was then building. On its completion, the body was removed, and placed beneath the north porch, where his five successors in the archbishopric were also laid. Theodosius, the seventh archbishop, was buried within the church; and from that time the custom, in regard to church dignitaries, occasionally prevailed. It was not, however, until 752, that any provision was made for burying the people generally in consecrated ground; but, in that year, the Pope granted permission for cemeteries to be formed close to the churches, and, unhappily, this custom has continued to the present day. But we doubt whether, during the Middle Ages, the effects of which we now complain were so seriously, if at all, considered. The churchyards

were larger, and far more numerous; the graves, as may be seen in many an illumination, were dug much deeper, while the practice of burying the dead (we speak of the common people), within two, or at most three days, and then without coffins, but closely swathed in the winding-sheet, allowed the earth to come in immediate contact with the body, and greatly hastened its decomposition.

In regard to burial within the churches a different system prevailed; the body, although sometimes imperfectly embalmed, was enclosed in a coffin of lead, or stone, neither of which was air-tight, and the injurious effects of allowing bodies to moulder in the place dedicated to public worship, is acknowledged by the enactment of many a council directed against this custom. The many curious and amusing legends which the monkish chroniclers have told of the humility of St. Cuthbert, St. Swithin, and others, who charged their disciples that on no account they should bury them within the church, seems to us to prove that the church dignitaries, aware of the injurious effects of this custom, determined in their own persons to discountenance it; and, if such were the case, the celebrated St. Swithin himself, who has inflicted an annual forty days' rain on the land, as a judgment on the monks of Winchester, who persisted in burying him within the cathedral, in despite of his dying injunction to the contrary, instead of a capricious recluse, becomes an enlightened sage, who, like many a later one, was unable to prevail on his followers to adopt his wiser measures. That the clergy generally opposed burial in churches is beyond question; we were, however, surprised to find, lately, on referring to Wilkins's 'Concilia,' even so late as the days of the Conqueror, when the remains of the Confessor, not as yet canonized, had been enshrined in his newly-built abbey, and the Conqueror himself had just completed and endowed the noble church in which his ashes were to repose, in the minutes of a council held at Winchester, under the presidency of the celebrated Lanfranc, the express injunction "that dead bodies shall not be buried in the churches." But ecclesiastical authority in this case was unavailing: Lanfranc himself, if we mistake not, was buried within the precincts of his cathedral; and each noble, who, for "the health of his soul," had built and endowed the church, or priory, demanded, as a right, the privilege of sepulture within its holy bounds.

The progress of the sepulchral monument, from the mere stone coffin placed on the ground, and the lid ornamented with rude sculpture, to the graceful recumbent effigy laid on the altar-tomb, and surrounded by the foliated canopy, has been well traced by Mr. Bloxham, to whose excellent little work on 'Monumental Architecture,' we directed the attention of our readers several years since (No. 382); we shall therefore pass over this portion of Mr. Hartshorne's subject, merely remarking that he, in common with some other of our antiquaries, considers that the cross-legged effigies found in many of our churches, were not necessarily Crusaders, but that the figure was sculptured in that attitude merely to give greater elegance to the folds of the flowing surcoat, and proceed to his remarks upon monumental brasses. We must, however, first make room for the following:—

"It is more than probable that these effigies were as close likenesses of the personages themselves as the sculptor could possibly make them. There is as much reason for such a supposition, as there is for thinking that those at present are executed with such an intention. The hand of the same artist is frequently perceptible in these works, though nothing has yet transpired to inform us who they were. From having carefully drawn and examined the fine effigy of forest marble that adorns the church of Castle Ashby, and also proceeded in the same way with

respect to that of Sir William Keynes, in the church of Dodford, I am induced to believe they are both executed by the same individual. Mr. Way, from having drawn the superb freestone effigy of Sir Wm. Lyons, at Warkworth, subsequently detected, whilst drawing another at Clee Honger in Herefordshire, by the peculiar spirit and vigor of the effigy, by the minute attention paid by the sculptor to elaborate points of detail, and by the characteristic impress of the chisel upon the stone, that it was the work of the same artist who executed the monument in Northamptonshire.—I have little doubt that the architect of the cross at Hardingstone was the sculptor of the exquisite and graceful effigy of Scholastica de Meaux in the neighbouring Church of Gayton, and each of them betrays the same hand that is visible in the effigy of Eleanor herself, in Westminster Abbey."

That the same hand which executed the graceful effigy of Scholastica de Meaux, sculptured the no less graceful figure of Elinor on the cross at Hardingstone, is probable, and from the entries in the curious "Accounts of the executors of Elinor of Castile," (*ante* p. 578.) it would appear that either Alexander, of Abingdon, or William of Ireland, were the artists; but the brass effigy of Elinor, as we learn from the same source, was modelled and executed by Master William Torel, a goldsmith, whom the editor of that curious relic supposes to have been a Florentine, and his real name Torelli. If, however, he were a London "goldsmith," he was undoubtedly an Englishman, for the London guilds for many centuries determinately withstood every attempt to introduce foreigners among them. Notwithstanding all the curious and important information which of late has been collected respecting the beautiful crosses of Queen Elinor, we are yet ignorant as to who was the artist that made the designs for the whole of them; this, if it could be ascertained, would at once settle the question as to the superiority of foreign or English art, for, that both the worker in stone and in metal wrought from one common model, the close resemblance of each statue, even to the folds of the drapery, seems to prove:—

"The fashion of representing on tombs the likeness of the deceased, graven on a plate of brass, which was imbedded in melted pitch, and fastened down by rivets to a slab, either of sandstone or forest marble, appears to have been adopted about the middle of the thirteenth century. They are recorded to have been introduced into England long before any specimen now existing. That of Simon de Beauchamp, who completed the foundation of Newenham Abbey, and died before 1208, and was buried in front of the high altar in St. Paul's Church, at Bedford, is the earliest instance that can be quoted. They were not unfrequently placed to the memory of Ecclesiastics, during the remainder of this century; though none of them have remained to the present day. The earliest Sepulchral Brass perhaps that continues is the fine one of Sir Roger de Trumpington, which may be assigned to the year 1290, as he died in the year preceding. In its original and more perfect state, the Sepulchral Brass was a work of great beauty. It may be said to be a copper-plate engraving, from which, as you may observe by the surrounding examples, impressions could readily be obtained. And considering that the art of engraving was not discovered until 1460, or two hundred and sixty years later than the invention of these sepulchral plates, it seems surprising that with them in existence, the art of taking impressions should have continued unknown during the whole of that interval."

* * * From careful examination of these brasses, it is evident that the incised lines were filled up with pitch, or some dark resinous substance. The armorial bearings, as well as parts of the figures, were also ornamented with coloured mastic, or coarse enamel, in the same way as all the effigies of stone. The injuries of time have spared but few of these decorations, though traces of their existence are sufficiently obvious. Of this kind, there is still remaining a small mural brass of the highest beauty in the Quay Church, at Ipswich, and another, less costly, in St. Peter's Church, at Colchester. Sometimes the metal surface was gilt, and diapered, or punctured with fine

lines, as in the instance of the brass to Sir Thomas Beauchamp and Lady, in the Church of St. Mary, at Warwick. The most sumptuous brasses of this kind still remaining are all of Flemish workmanship. They are those of Thomas de la Mare, Abbot of St. Alban's, engraved in his lifetime, about 1360; one, extremely beautiful, to an ecclesiastic in the Church of North Mimms, Hertfordshire; two sumptuous ones at Llyn—*one* to Adam de Walsoken and his wife, who died 1349,—*the other* to Robert Braunch and his two wives, in 1364, and one to Alan Fleming, at Newark. They are all by the same hand, and, with one exception, they are as much remarkable for their magnificence as for their elaborate execution."

That these sepulchral brasses were enamelled we have, indeed, no doubt; and that the brass effigies, in addition to their being gilt, were in parts at least enamelled, is also probable. The beautiful brass effigy of William de Valence in Westminster Abbey, which is of wood, covered with a most delicate coating of metal, still exhibits traces both of gilding and colouring—*colouring*, we say, rather than enamel, because its transparency gives it the appearance of coloured foil. We could plainly distinguish the colours of the bearing on the shield, when, some months since, we closely examined this effigy, and we were then struck with the peculiar blue steel-like appearance which the azure bars presented. The superior cheapness of the sepulchral brass doubtless secured its adoption for so long a period, and as Mr. Hartshorne truly says, a history of armour, from almost the earliest time to its disuse, might be compiled from the evidence of sepulchral brasses alone. The brasses representing Ecclesiastics are also valuable, from the pictures they afford of the ecclesiastical vestments to their minutest details, each of which was supposed to involve a hidden and spiritual meaning. Mr. Hartshorne proceeds to give a minute description of these, and the following will be new to many of our readers:—

"The Pallium or Pall was a mark of high dignity, and was the peculiar distinction of sovereign pontiffs, patriarchs, and archbishops, and occasionally conferred by the pope upon his legates and nuncios. In 745, Egbert, Archbishop of York, recovered the honor after it had been unconferred since the first archbishop. Offa obtained, by great solicitation, from Pope Adrian, the Pallium for Ealdulf, Bishop of Lichfield, (See Matt. Westminster, pp. 271, 276.) In 1152 Eugene III. sent into Ireland four Palls for the four archbishops. The Pall was made of white lamb's wool, in the form of a band, a part of it like a collar went over the shoulders and round the neck, and two ends hung from it, one before, the other behind; in the tenth century, like the Greek Omophron, they reached below the knees; at present they terminate in a point below the breast. The end before is double; that behind single, and each of them are embroidered with four purple crosses. The wool of which the Pall is fabricated is sheared from two lambs, which some of the order of St. Agnes offer every year upon the anniversary of her feast, during which they sing at mass *Agnus Dei*. They are received by two canons of the Church of St. John Lateran, who place them in the charge of the subdeacons of the Vatican, whose business it is to feed, and at the proper season, to clip them. It is their peculiar province also to manufacture these Palls, which, when they are finished, they carry into the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and place on the grand altar, and then make their prayers over them the whole of the night, according to the appointed method."

It is amusing to see the Pallium, this emphatic type of spiritual obedience to Rome, still borne on the shield of Canterbury. The celebrity of English needlework, "*Opera Anglicana*," as it was termed, was acknowledged even from the time of the Norman invasion. During the twelfth century the fair embroiderers did not forfeit their ancient fame, for when the Abbot of St. Alban's sent a deputation to Rome to congratulate that Pontiff, who, when a friendless English boy, had been educated in their convent

school, together with his work, printed, univ. Markgate extract to have ret. "Matt. seeing no broider men, was letters to England, nothing. Copies and embroidery may be price it c William for work Blessed And a ci ornament. Imbelli, It was elaborat from the cathedra can form of their

Wello thor of other "f of the pr works a adopted the newe be called sense of of the ch the con the of those of reminisc Time man piquancy authors genarian begins the the correct d thence a humbler others to Devonsh in a low dreamed certs, of Quakeri Then we &c. &c. owing to none of with du the ma intertwi The her and a wit, and life, and with a f But bey tude, int "come l of the h we know or perso philosoph every wh time, to nessed w Sacre 8..... and unp able in t at the st

school, on his elevation, the holy brotherhood, together with specimens of English goldsmiths' work, presented a cope and a pair of sandals, the unrivalled work of the prioress Christina, of Markgate, and her nuns. From the following extract this fine needlework seems still later to have retained its celebrity, for,—

"Matthew Paris relates that Pope Innocent IV. seeing some Orfèvres (Lat. *Aurifrasia*), or gold embroidery on the edge of Copes belonging to Englishmen, was so struck with their beauty that he sent letters to all the Abbots of the Cistercian order in England, desiring them, if they could do it for nothing, to send him the same kind to adorn the Copes and Planets of his own choir. That English embroidery was then much better than any other, may be gathered from the circumstance of the high price it cost. Thus, in the 42nd of Henry the Third, William de Gloucester, goldsmith, receives 20 marks for working a precious cloth for the altar of the Blessed Edward. (Issue Roll of the Exchequer.) And a citizen's wife received 100 marks for a cope ornamented with coral, purchased from her by Queen Isabella, to make a present to the Pope."

It was on the copes that the richest and most elaborate needlework was bestowed; and even from the lists of those possessed by some of the cathedrals at the period of the Reformation, we can form some notion of the variety and beauty of their decorations.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Wedlock: or Yesterday and To-Day, by the author of 'The Maid's Husband,' 3 vols.—Among other "fantastic tricks" played off by the novelists of the present epoch, under the hope of giving their works a semblance of verisimilitude, the expedient adopted by the author of 'Wedlock' is, perhaps, the newest and one of the most successful. It may be called the trick historical: not, indeed, in the *Scott* sense of the term, for that implies a revivification of the chiefs and champions of elder time. Here, on the contrary, the scenes and personages selected are those of the last fifty years, and the charm of personal reminiscence, and the spice of scandal not utterly by Time made savourless, are both employed to give piquancy to anecdote, and colour to delineation. The authoress of 'Wedlock' sets herself down as a sexagenarian in her imaginary confessions, since she begins them by gossiping, not disagreeably, concerning the family parties of old Windsor Castle in the correct days of respectable Queen Charlotte. From thence she descends to celebrities some degrees humbler, and a lustre or two less venerable; among others to Opie painting the Brutus wig and the Devonshire caps; in days when his wife, clad in a low pink silk dress, by way of morning apparel, dreamed little, during her back-drawing-room concerts, of the drab uniform and tuneless silence of Quakerism, into which she would one day subside. Then we have the times and persons of the Regency, &c. &c. also pleasantly touched. The fault is, that owing to inexactitude, or want of practice of hand, none of these shifting phantoms are made out with due distinctness. A like drawback pervades the management of the autobiography which is intertwined with these anecdotes and allusions. The heroine is the daughter of a brilliant father and a prudent womanly mother. The first, all wit, and elegance, and joviality, trifles away his life, and ruins his fortune, while the second looks on with a furrowed brow, and a more furrowed heart. But beyond this, and a general impression of vicissitude, interspersed with glimpses of sundry lovers, who "come like shadows, so depart," (the husband elect of the heroine not the least vaporous of the party,) we know little that is positive, touching her life, trials, or personal qualities. This is a pity; for traces of philosophical thought and practised observation occur everywhere in 'Wedlock'—things too rare, at any time, to permit of their misapprehension being witnessed without regret.

Sacred Mountains and Waters Versified, by Lady S. The very short preface to this very small and unpretending volume, discloses objects so estimable in themselves, and so creditable to the writer, and, at the same time, forms so excellent a study for that

numerous class of bards,—the *nolo episcopari* order of poets,—who are dragged by their friends into the glare of publication, that we are tempted to extract it, for their especial use, and as our best testimonial and help to the little work:—"The ordinary excuses so frequently offered for the publication of indifferent matter, will not avail the writer of the following very unpretending lines. Many of the sets of stanzas were written expressly for the press; they are published without much entreaty from friends; and she freely owns that they will scarcely bear a continuous perusal. But still, she has an object that overcomes her dread of criticism, even if insignificance should fail to protect her from it. She wishes to assist in raising a small sum, for the purpose of placing a youth, whose nearest connexions are only below aristocracy, and whose fortunes are hopeless, in a creditable way of becoming an artist; and she ventures to hope, that many may be led by benevolent feelings to purchase this little volume, even though they may never proceed beyond the perusal of this brief introduction. Should, however, any of those who may thus aid in a labour of love have fortitude to pass on further, the author trusts that they will extend to herself a small portion of that charity which guides the spirit, while it opens the hand." In such a case, criticism would be misapplied; but a specimen, taken only because it is the first in the volume, will show that there is nothing in the execution of this benevolent project, which demands that criticism should interfere with the kindly feeling in which the project originated:—

Avavat.

The torrents cease, the waves retreat,
The trembling dove finds rest;
The terrors of the Lord abate,
His mercies stand confest.
Fall on the troubled deep no more
The patriarch bends his eye;
Calmly he waits, in Heaven's own hour,
The promise'd sign on high.
And lo! to his astonish'd view
That airy pledge is given,
Dyed in each bright ethereal hue,
Resplendent in the heav'n.
But oh! what boon more precious far
Does God's rich bounty yield—
The glorious light of Bethlehem's Star
Salvation has reveal'd.

On the Character of the Welsh as a Nation, by the Rev. W. Jones.—This essay is too much of a panegyric; but this will probably recommend it to the notice of the natives of the principality, and may have helped to win for it "the first prize" at the Gerdovigion Eisteddod.

Rosenmüller on the Messianic Psalms.—We have repeatedly bestowed praise on the successive volumes of the Biblical Cabinet Library, which has placed within the reach of British students some of the best works on Biblical criticism and Theology produced by the labours of continental writers. The present volume is well translated and carefully edited, but we think that the tone of criticism it displays is of a more controversial character than ought to be admitted into the series.

List of New Books.—Howlett's *Victoria Golden Almanack* for 1842, 6d. swd.—Transactions of the Manchester Geological Society, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Affection's Keepsake 1842, 32mo. 2s. cl. 2s. 6d. silk.—Histoire de Charles XII., par M. de Voltaire, new edit., par M. Cutty, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bd.—Middleton (Jishop) on the Greek Article, by the Rev. H. J. Rose, new edit. 8vo. 13s. bds.—Ebenzer, a Narrative, by J. G. Laazars, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Todd's (Rev. J.) Truth made Simple, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Conformity, by Charlotte Elizabeth, fe. 3s. 6d. cl.—Every Family's Book of Amusement, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—London's Flower Garden of Ornamental Bulbous Plants, 4to. 2l. 2s. cl.—A Voyage to India, or Three Months on the Ocean, square, 4s. cl.—A Help to Catechising, by the Rev. James Beaven, fe. 3s. cl.—The Mirza, by James Morier, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Tilt's Illustrated Classics, Thomson's Seasons, crown 8vo. 12s. 6d. mor.—The Pantheon, 1st Series, by W. Bayley, royal 8vo. 6s. 6d. swd.—The Hand Book of Natural Phenomena, square, 1s. cl.—Cousin Natania's Tales, square, 3s. 6d. cl.—Sermons, by Milner and Fawcett, 8vo. 12s. cl.—MacKay's (C.) Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. cl.—Hind's Elements of Algebra, new edit. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Pickering's Statutes, 4 & 5 and 5 Vict. 8vo. 11s. bds.—Sherwood's Lady of the Manor, Vol. V. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Scott's Poetry, with Illustrations, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. hf. bd.—The Love Gift for 1842, 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl. 3s. silk.—Hayler's First Book of Writing, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Sporting Architecture, by George Tattersall, 4to. 31s. 6d. cl.—Pater's Law of Landlord and Tenant, 12mo. 5s. cl.—The Chess Player's Chronicle, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Tate's Banker's Clearances, 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.

THE CHILD OF LIGHT.

I meet her in my daily path,
A child of love and light!
Her eye more heavenly beauty hath,
Than starry eyes of night:
Where wave and sward their margins weave,
She comes and clasps me round,
A sweeter, younger, Genevieve
Of this love-haunted ground!
Unto my face her aspect bright
She lifts in meaning wonder;
Yet knows not whence upspring the light
That streams mine eyelids under:
Sweet thoughts and holy, lurking there,
Surprise her into sighing,
Till, speechless grown, that breathful air
Is all her soul's replying.

But strains that fill my vision-land,
To her tones imparting,
Soon wake, like echoes near at hand,
Up from her bosom starting;
And forth at length they burst, a throng
Of sweet thoughts unexpressed,
Snatches of sympathetic song:—
Her soft hand speaks the rest.

A woman is she—yet a child,
A woman's faith enfolds her;
Yet knows she not—the sweet and wild!—
What bondage yet shall hold her,
When hearts shall leap as hers to mine,
Disturbed by tender dreaming,
Where, mingled deep, a love divine
With human love is beaming.

She fears not yet the star to greet
That ushers in the morn;
Not yet within her bosom meet
The tides of joy and sorrow;
She only sees—she only knows—
The dim perceptive beauty,
Where through another's being flows
The light of love and duty.

She heeds not—tender-thoughted one!
This altered face and faded;
No ray of love's eternal sun
Can from her soul be shaded.
A dream of gladness shall she be,
And ne'er through life forgot,
For truer than all earth to me,
She loves, and doubts me not!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CLERMONT-FERRAND and the MONTS DOMES.

THE large and important town of Clermont-Ferrand stands in the midst of the extensive and fertile plain of La Limagne, a district that for more than fifteen leagues spreads out a wide garden, rich in every production, abounding and exulting in its gorgeousness, and leading the country with its teeming stores. This celebrated plain is situated nearly in the centre of France, and sends its riches to all parts of the kingdom, it is bordered with high mountains, which rise suddenly into existence, and grow higher and higher till they are overtopped by some more elevated than all the rest, and amongst them, far above every other, and rendering the highest insignificant, frowns from its throne of mist the huge mass called, *par excellence*, Le Puy de Dôme, which gives name to the province where it is predominant. This extraordinary and magnificent mountain is beheld at many leagues distance, from all parts, and at Clermont appears close to the town, though a league and a half from it. The immense chains of Le Forez are ranged opposite to the line of the Monts Dômes, and the river Allier runs peaceably at their feet.

O champs de la Limagne! O fortuné séjour!—so long celebrated by poets and philosophers, where the Roman conquerors of the world chose themselves rural retreats, and built cities on the ruins left by powerful barbarians,—a spot which Sidonius Apollinaris describes as a region "so beautiful that strangers, charmed with its aspect, forget at once their own country and are unable to quit the scenes of enchantment it presents."—A region which King Childbert desired to behold above all other things before he died, having heard it described as "a marvel of

nature and a terrestrial Paradise!" It must not, however, be forgotten in the enthusiasm of admiration which this wonderful plain excites, that the reason why King Chilbert, after he had passed through La Limagne, uttered this memorable wish, was that it was so entirely enveloped in fog that no part of it was visible. The climate is, in fact, very uncertain, in consequence of the proximity of the mountains, and one great cause of the emerald verdure which adorns so large a portion of its extent is the existence of extensive *marshes*, at some seasons dangerous to life, and only beautiful at a distance. The fine and delicate, healthy and charming turf which adorns the hills and vales of England is entirely unknown in France, and, being without it, fair Limagne possesses less attractions to an English wanderer than it might otherwise do. From the heights above, nothing can appear more attractive, but it is only to the eye afar off; there are few walks and rides and mossy seats and sylvan nooks to be found, and if he should be tempted to descend from the elevated position from whence he contemplates the vast country around him, he will be woefully disappointed. Even as he is in quitting the town of Clermont, from whose high-raised terraces he sees flowering gardens and luxuriant meadows tempting him to stray beyond the limits of the city—alas! for nearly a league he must wade through dust and between walls before he can hope to reach the paradise he saw before him, which, like the fabled gardens of Irem, he seeks in vain; he is less fortunate than Colahab, the camel-seeker, who caught a glimpse of the abode of happiness; gardens there are, indeed, but only producing vegetables for the markets, and so carefully and profusely manured, that their vicinity is to be avoided in all haste. Nevertheless, there is not a hill of all the lower range which forms a base to those more exalted beyond, which does not present scenes of beauty and grandeur difficult to be matched, and varied and lovely are the ways upon the heights which command this singular district. It would be endless to enumerate the points from whence these views may be obtained; but they abound, and are well worth seeking.

Approaching Clermont from Riom, the road lies between fine avenues and picturesque views to the ancient steep and extraordinary town of Mont-Ferrand, whose houses are perched on heights reached by flights of steps in terraces, and whose narrow, dirty, black, and inconvenient streets present an appearance the most disagreeable that can well be imagined. The awkwardness of its position is very remarkable, lying as it does exactly in the way of all approach, offering a hill dangerously precipitous, and deforming the country with its squalid hideousness, as if in determined contrast to the plain which surrounds it. When once passed, however, at a distance, the towers of the antique church rising from amongst its lofty buildings, have an imposing and pleasing effect. Mont-Ferrand was united to Clermont under Louis XIII., and from that period the latter has been designated Clermont-Ferrand. In the cathedral of this town, the capital of Auvergne, might formerly be read on the day of the fête of St. Bonnet, the following verses of an ancient breviary:

*Auvergne riche en moyens,
Peuplée de citoyens,
Devers l'orient ouverte,
Et vers l'occident couverte,
Renommée des beaux faicts,
Qu'en temps de guerre elle a faicts.
Clermont elle est appelée,
En son église est gardée
La chasuble de Saint Bonnet,
Qu'on ne voit si feste ni n'est.*

Pliny the naturalist, and Gregory of Tours, speak, as of one of the seven wonders of the world, of the famous and magnificent temple of Mercury, which existed here, built of porphyry and marble, adorned with mosaics and filled with riches, possessing a statue of the god, of gilt bronze, larger than the Colossus of Rhodes. Almost all its buildings of that period of its glory are swept away and the greater part of its monuments of later ages, yet the position of its *centre town*, a few of its temples, and its general appearance, make it a place of singular interest and curiosity. No town in France possesses greater and more extensive advantages, none might be more magnificent, none can be placed in a finer, more commanding, or more beautiful situation, few are surrounded with such riches, or can boast of peasantry more at their

ease, yet it is difficult to find a worse built, worse arranged, more slovenly, or more ugly collection of buildings than its irregular mass presents. The cathedral was never finished; and being built of the dark stone from the neighbouring quarry of Volvic, as are most of the old houses, it has a dingy, gloomy, look, and is so hemmed in by mean habitations, that it does not inspire the usual reverence which a temple so ancient ordinarily excites. There is a good deal of fine painted glass in the windows, and the form of the choir is graceful, but the delicacy of the pillars is spoilt by the prevailing bad taste of the inhabitants, being painted grey, and so daubed that the capitals have lost all their sharpness. The whole has a poor and unsatisfactory appearance, and does not detain the stranger long beneath its roof. Piety is not a remarkable characteristic in this part of Auvergne; and the levity and want of decency and respect observed by the townspeople in entering the holy precincts, is very striking: the cathedral is made a mere passage from one street to another, standing as it does in the very middle of the way. Since the late disturbances the cathedral has been converted into a barrack, where the military have taken up their quarters.

A more interesting monument exists in the curious church of N. D. du Port, formerly called Sainte Marie Principale. It was built about 580, and possesses a remarkable and very fine crypt beneath the choir, where is still venerated, i. e. by a few female devotees, a miraculous *Virgine noir*, which, tradition says, was found in a well, still seen on the spot and covered with an antique carved stone. The shrine of the black virgin is covered with gilding and lighted with perpetual lamps, but the crypt is as light and dry as possible. Its heavy pillars, with their rude capitals, sharp, fresh, and massive, and its strong roof, seem to defy time or barbarism to destroy them. It is the exterior of the church, however, which attracts the admiring attention of the antiquary, from the exquisitely beautiful and elaborate decoration, in mosaic, of its towers, in the finest style of the Byzantine architecture of the Lower Empire. These ornaments are frequently to be met with on the churches in Auvergne, but nowhere are their details seen in such perfection as at N. D. du Port. Over the southern portal are still some very curious but much mutilated bas-reliefs, and every part of the church deserves minute observation, although it is so pressed and obstructed by dirty lanes and paltry buildings as to be almost concealed from view. Its fine towers, with their fresh looking patterns, bright as if quite new, appear from the boulevards, and tempt the curious, but it is a work of time and difficulty to thread the mazes of filthy streets which conduct to them, and obtain a position from whence they can be studied with effect.

None of the other churches of Clermont are interesting; that of St. Pierre, in an angle of the slovenly and enormous Place de Jaude, which ought to be fine, is hideous to behold.

In the chapel of the ancient convent of barefooted Carmelites, which still exists at the entrance of the cemetery of the town, is a very precious piece of antiquity, now used as an altar, and covered with the usual embroidered muslin, which must be removed to reveal its beauty. It is a marble sarcophagus, covered with superb carving, and offers three sides, perfectly preserved and admirably executed. The explanation of its figures might well employ the attention of the learned.

In the upper part of the Jardin des Plantes is a reserved space, where numerous morsels of antiquity are grouped together, and here may be seen other bas-reliefs, masks, fragments of pillars, capitals, and other remains of Roman skill. The most precious is, however, a stone, on which is represented in relief, the head of the (supposed) Gaulish Mercury, so often described, and the cause of such eternal disputes amongst the *swans* of Auvergne.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the position of the Jardin des Plantes and the Bibliothèque. On the decline of the hill, on part of which Clermont is built, the alleys of the garden sweep down the gentle slope, at every step disclosing one of the most glorious views it is possible to behold. On two sides a chain of mountains of every variety of height and form, and the rich plain of La Limagne spreading out far and wide. There is an equestrian group placed beneath

the trees, representing the death of Désaix, a native of Clermont, which might do honour to an ancient sculptor from its truth and expression. This faces the principal entrance, the gates of which are very fine, and look well from the wide street and Place without; but the garden, though small, is not well kept, and, except immediately near the hot-houses, is in a shabby, neglected state. A circumstance much to be regretted, as there is every reason why it should be a most delicious retreat.

The library is tolerably good, but the *disturbative* guardian appears to think the readers intruders, and does all he can to interrupt the little study which goes on in the chamber where he continues his ceaseless walk up and down the creaking boards, while his heavy shoes tell at every step, and the sound jars on the nerves of the impatient visitor, who is allowed but a brief space to examine the works he requires to inform him of the wonders of the *little-erudite* town of Clermont, where all but the getting of money is considered waste of time. Clermont, nevertheless, possesses M. Lecocq, a man whose knowledge, science, and chemical discoveries are most valuable, and under whose auspices, and those of L'Abbé Lacoste, professor of Natural History, a very good cabinet has been formed. The works of M. Lecocq, on 'The Monta Dômes' and the 'Monta Dore', are extremely interesting, and of the highest importance; and his urbanity and readiness to afford information are a great resource to the stranger, cast away amidst the shoals of ignorance with which Clermont abounds. Close to the Jardin des Plantes is the Place called Du Taureau, near which is a column erected in honour of General Désaix, and it is difficult to conceive anything more magnificent than the position of this place, and the broad street which leads from it, and is continued along another side of the upper town descending gradually to the lower ground.

From this glorious elevation can be seen two points of view, the most extensive and beautiful which any town in France can boast. The *design* of the squares and streets is certainly deserving of great praise, but how is it executed? Palaces ought to adorn the streets so exquisitely placed, instead of the irregular, shabby, dirty, frightful buildings, more conspicuous from their exposure: there are only one or two buildings at all worthy of their situation, the Maison Dieu being one, and the Bibliothèque another—all between and beyond, till the Prefecture of majestic architecture ends the fine street, and begins another equally well imagined and equally abortive in execution.

From this Place du Taureau the boundless Limagne is seen in immense extent, the Mountain de Chantourgue, and the tower-crowned height of Montferrand, the mountains of Fouz, and, dim in the distance of seven leagues, the town of Thiers, which no one should miss seeing who enters Auvergne, not for its boasted paper-manufactories, but for its exquisite valleys and stupendous rocks, unrivalled in the country; to the east and south are the bold mountains of Courcourt, the Puy de Mur, and the Puy de Dallet, bathed at their feet by the silver waters of the Allier. Intruding between the distant Gandaillet, Faucon, and Puy Long, rises the pretty little Puy de Crouël, distinct from the plain alone. The majestic Puy St. Romain, the forests of Vie le Comte, the famous plateau of Gergovia, where the armies of Caesar encamped. Between two puy's the square tower of the château of Opme, the distinct Puy of Mont Royon, and the ruins which crown its summit, an ancient possession of the dauphins of Auvergne, and before the mountain, built on the lava of the great Gravenoir, the pretty village of Beaumont, lately in revolt. After gazing unsted on this gorgeous view, on advancing along the street before you, a sudden opening discloses, as by magic, the gigantic form which, in an instant eclipses all the glories of the rest—the Puy de Dôme, and a whole host of satellites at its feet, raises its majestic head and shows itself the monarch of all.

There is no want of immense squares in and round Clermont, nor of extensive boulevards planted with fine trees, but the backs of houses disfigure the latter, and the ugliness of the buildings, and the dust and slovenliness of the walks, deform the former. The Place St. Herem commands a fine view, and has the Puy de Dôme exactly *en face*, but its avenues of trees are littered with stones and planks, left there in confusion, at all times making the promenade disagreeable.

The Place de Jaude, on the flat ground, is magnificent in extent, but of very irregular form, and surrounded with houses of every shape and size, all ugly and in the worst possible taste: a continual dust reigns here, and the heat, exposed as it is to the full strength of a powerful sun, is almost intolerable. Here is situated the Mairie, a building insignificant as to architecture, which was lately pillaged and all its contents burnt in the centre of the Place de Jaude.

One of the curiosities of Clermont is the petrifying spring of the Faubourg St. Alyre, once peculiarly useful to the inhabitants of the famous monastery there, which was celebrated for the numerous miracles performed on the spot. All the objects now exhibited to the curious would, doubtless, in former days have been looked upon as supernatural, and the singular encrusting power of the wonderful fountain was for ages represented as directed by the will of the saint who presided over the well. Like everything else at Clermont, to arrive at St. Alyre involves a struggle through filthy streets, ill-paved and interminable in their mazes, every turn leading to an alley more horrible than its fellow, and filthy beyond endurance: yet Clermont is, perhaps, better supplied with water than any town in France; there is not a place, a street, or a ruelle, which has not its fountain; a broad stream of clear water runs along the middle of every pavement, and as the streets descend to the plain torrents rush along, bearing with them every impurity, or rather they might do so, were it not apparently inherent in the Auvergnats to be the most slovenly, careless, and dirty people under the sun!

Some of their fountains are very fine; the grandest and most beautiful is that in the Place Delille, so named after the poet, a native of Clermont, a minstrel of the Hayley school, whose fame it is not worth while disputing about. This fountain was constructed in 1515 by the Bishop Jacques d'Amboise, and is of the most elegant style of the early period of the renaissance, equally admirable with numerous other erections due to the same family, on the banks of the Loire, and in different parts of France.

All the waters of Clermont are supplied from an abundant spring at the village of Royat, whose valley, cascades, grottoes, antique church and crosses, and picturesque position, are the theme of every inhabitant of this part of Auvergne. If, escaping by no very easy means, from the dust and bustle of cattle-crowded Clermont, the stranger manages, with infinite labour, to reach the summit of one of the beautiful mountains above Royat, he is enchanted with the appearance of the rich and luxuriantly-wooded valley beneath him; he sees the waters leaping and foaming between the trees, and hears their ceaseless murmur, longing to repose in the solitude of their secluded grottoes, and gaze on their glittering falls, seated near the rocks over which they force their way. But let him be content to dream all this, and carefully avoid descending, or his vision will be dispelled most unpleasantly. He will enter a stony village, more filthy than can be described, filled with clamorous inhabitants, men, women, and children, all vociferous in their offers to guide him down the slippery, rocky, muddy path which conducts to "the grotto"—a low rock, from which several streams of water issue, forming a basin, from whence they flow away into rocky beds, and run between large stones, now hidden by low hovels along the valley beneath. When in a perfect state of nature, the grotto might have been discovered shaded by climbing shrubs, which veiled its entrance; the sources of its sparkling waters springing freshly from the rock, and foaming into the natural basin beneath, surrounded by rude masses of granite crowned with ancient trees—rocks above, below, and underneath, the grotto of Royat, visited only by a few simple peasants in their pretty costume, and undisturbed by mill-wheels and dams, and unchoaked with stepping-stones, must, indeed, have deserved all the rapturous praises bestowed upon it by the poets and painters of Auvergne; but now it presents little but a dirty wet cave, generally filled with importunate children, scolding guides, and tittering bad-tempered visitors, who carve their names upon the stone, and utter silly exclamations of terror or delight, "frightening the nymphs from their hallowed haunt" with most profane noise and clamour.

Fearful have been the ravages of this torrent in rainy seasons, and dreadful the loss of life and property which the accumulations of its waters have

from time to time occasioned; the mills on its banks, or rather over its course, have been swept away, and whole families destroyed; enormous rocks torn up and sent down the stream for leagues, and every cascade marked by ruin and despair: but the inexhaustible waters flow on, and are never interrupted in their work of utility, carrying through aqueducts of Roman construction their treasures to the great town at the distance of a league from their source.

There is a spring of hot mineral waters close by at St. Mart, of great power, formerly thought miraculous, and containing a large quantity of carbonic acid gas; the situation of this spring is, however, very inconvenient, the road from Clermont to Royat being impassable, except on horseback, and too rough at any time for invalids. It would not be by any means impossible to make a tolerably good path, but such a thought has apparently never entered the mind of any person in the neighbourhood, however beneficial to the locality such a work would be.

Clermont is, on its frequent market days, filled with peasants from the adjacent communes and bourgs, bringing merchandise; its squares and streets are crowded with bullocks and waggons, and their drivers *en blouse*, and to pass along is a service of danger. From daybreak begins the *charivari*, and the day has almost closed before the traffic is finished. The merchants then parade the town, enter the cabarets and enjoy themselves, singing at the top of their loud voices Auvergnat ditties not remarkable for melody. They are a strange wild race, fond of money, avaricious, yet well off, extremely uneducated and coarse in their manners, easily excited, and somewhat brutal in their habits. Much that distinguished the inhabitants of the different villages and towns round Clermont has of late years disappeared, but in Montferrand still exist three classes which deserve to be described, as preserving their original customs at the present day. These three races keep always separate, and have great contempt for each other: they are the *eachers*, the *vignerons*, and the *villadiers*.

The *eachers* are generally rich and well off; they cultivate exclusively all the great farms or domains of Limagne, carefully abstaining from attending themselves to the vines, for which service they employ the *vignerons*. They possess the land they cultivate, and generally live on the farms, although most families have a house in town, where they seldom sleep, only visiting it on occasions of fêtes, fairs, markets, or on Sundays: they are entitled *maîtres* and *maîtresses*. The *vignerons* are not so rich, but are said to be less ignorant and more generous; they are arrogant and self-conceited, and hold themselves superior to the former class. The *villadiers* are poor, and generally worthless, idle, and dissipated; spending their earnings in the cabaret, and leaving their wives and children to public charity. They usually come down from the mountains, from whence wretchedness has driven them, and seek daily work from the *vignerons* and *eachers*, who employ them in the most laborious duties. At other times they act as servants at the farms, and are called *gouris*.

The *patois* of Auvergne is a remarkable feature; it preserves much of the ancient Troubadour language, and, when spoken by children or very young women, is musical and pretty; but it is generally used by the mountaineers, whose habit of calling to each other from a distance in the open air strangely spoils any beauty of voice they may possess. All the townspeople in Auvergne speak the *patois*, and the facility with which they change their dialect to French when addressing a stranger is curious enough. In the mountains, however, many of the peasants cannot understand French at all.

Some of the airs of the *bourrées* and *montagnardes* are pretty, but the drawing and shrill tone of the *musette*, the Auvergnat bagpipe, does not embellish them much; neither is there any grace in the movements of their national dance, and the voices of the common people, both in speaking and singing, are remarkably unpleasant. There are not many goats on the mountains, but the horses are a hardy climbing race, and the cows feed on the very highest summit of the Pay de Dôme itself, where a constant biting wind prevails, and the access to which is toilsome and difficult. From the small plateau, at its highest point, the most magnificent view is sometimes obtained of the whole of La Limagne, the Monts Dore, some of the chain of Mont Blanc, and even,

it is asserted, the Pyrenees; but the sight seldom lasts more than ten minutes, the clouds, that constantly hover above, closing in the *cime* of the majestic mountain, and veiling the monarch of Auvergne in impenetrable mist.

Barberah, Jan. 11th, 1841.

"The same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."—Gen. vi. 4.

My brother has just now put into my hands the Ilmorma letter, written in Onarya, which, having been left in Gojam, I mentioned very briefly in a former letter. As M. Arnauld D'Abbadie is, I believe, the first European who has visited the Galla in their native pastures, where their manners and customs are still unadulterated by the semi-civilization of Abyssinia, I hope that a few preliminary remarks on this interesting nation may not be unacceptable to your readers.

The Galla call themselves Orme (plural of Orma), and trace their origin to three sisters, daughters of Jerusalem, to whom they apply traditions similar to those mentioned in the Book of Genesis, ch. vi. 4, and ch. xix. 36. Their progeny invaded the kingdoms of the south, and entered Africa by the Straits of Mandeb, thus furnishing a fanciful etymologist with a plausible explanation for their exotic name *Galla*, which in their own idiom signifies *ingressi*.^{*} The Galla females are, perhaps, the handsomest among the dark-coloured races of Africa. They wear a short petticoat of neatly embroidered calf skin, and a *gourda*, or thin belt of glass beads, exactly similar to the *nesa* of the ladies in Southern Arabia. Their dress is completed by a flowing robe of native manufactured cotton cloth, interspersed with black and red, and their hair is dressed in a style which elicited from description, the most unqualified panegyric of a Parisian *coiffeur*. The Galla lord of the creation well deserves that high-sounding name, when roving in his own meadows. His waistband is of dark blue Soorat cloth, and his *toga*, of black and white cotton, forms a noble flowing drapery not unworthy of the days of ancient Rome. The Galla are very tall in stature, and their hair, thick and bushy, sets off well their features, at once expressive and fiery. Though slender, their limbs are well knit, and my brother saw, on one occasion, an Orma warrior seize a furious bull by one of his hind legs and bring him to the ground. The Galla sword is curved, double-edged, and points downwards, when bound to the left side, contrary to the custom of all other Ethiopian tribes. Their javelin is short, and well poised. The shields are small, and those of Onarya are the best in Ethiopia. In horsemanship the Orme are unrivalled, and few English amazons could follow a Galla lady through ford or thicket. The blue-eyed daughters of the North will, however, find no reason to repine when informed that the Galla fair ones (if I dare use such an expression), are required to tend, feed, and saddle not only their own steeds, but also those of their warlike lords. These horses are remarkable for their speed, although inferior to the genuine breed of Dongola. The charger which my brother mounted at the battle of Wandöga, and which he lately sent to France as an offering to H.R.H. the Prince of Joinville, will, if safely arrived, give a pretty fair idea of a first rate Galla steed, though, being crossed with Agaw blood, it has more bottom than the generality of Galla horses.

It is, perhaps, rather premature on our part to speak of the Orme laws and customs, although some are too remarkable to be passed over in silence, and so closely connected with the most civilized nations of antiquity as to suggest novel proofs of their origin when referred to one common father. Like the ancient Egyptians, the Galla use a wooden scooped head-rest for a pillow; like the Jews, they marry the wife of a deceased brother; like the Etrurians and Romans, they seek presages in the flight of birds and the entrails of slain victims. The last, when favourable, they hang round their neck, so that Gwangool's fetid and greasy necklace, as described by Bruce, plainly told the King of Kings that his visit boded no evil.

* The Abyssinian Mooselmeen give a quaint etymology to the word Galla. When summoned by Mohammed's messenger to change his creed, the first Orma chief said—no (in Arabic *gal-ai*), and the incensed Prophet answered, "then let their very name imply their denial of the truth."

The Galla are more noble-minded than the Abyssinians. An anecdote which came under the personal knowledge of my brother reminds us of a somewhat similar adventure of the Stuart king wandering through Scotland. Gwosho, Dajazmach of Gojam, Damot, and Maitsha, had, in his infancy, passed many years of exile with a Galla chief, to whom he afterwards gave a fief on the left bank of the Blue Nile. This estate, however, having been lately taken by Gwosho from the Galla, was of precarious tenure, and the new possessor soon found himself so closely hemmed in by his own countrymen that he resolved to fly into the Christian country. He succeeded with difficulty in crossing the predatory bands, and was striking towards the Abay when his wife, Aga, not less bold in counsel than beautiful in form and features, galloped her steed in another direction towards the district of her husband's mortal enemy, to whom he owed a debt of blood. "They know," said Aga, "that our only friends are in Gojam: the fords are guarded;" and seeing that her frightened spouse was in no way inclined to follow her, she whipped his horse from behind, and forced him on till they reached their enemy's house. The fugitive bared his shoulders and prostrated himself like a captive, while Aga, throwing herself from her horse, entered the hut, whip in hand: "Brother," said she, "I have brought your enemy—chain him if you have no heart—slay him if you dare." I need scarcely add, that the fugitives were fed, clothed, mounted on fresh horses, and escorted to the frontiers of Gojam.

This occurred in Nono, where there are several different tribes, and where the head of each class is as independent as any Arab Shāykh. But in other parts, where the concourse of foreign traders has given rise to transactions more complex than those of the shepherd tribes, the Galla have submitted to kings. Such is the case in Gooma and Onarya or Limmoo. The latter is renowned for its civet, lions' skins, gold, ivory, and its coffee, equal, if not superior to the best Arabian grain. The Limmoo monarch, Abba Bagibo, formed the project of an alliance with Dajaz Gwosho in order to conquer all the lands which intervene between Gojam and Onarya. This favourite scheme could not however be kept a secret, and the first messenger was sent back by the Gooderoo tribes. Another named Bakshee was more fortunate. Having slain favourable victims, he proceeded alone until completely surrounded by the Gooderoo warriors, when he secreted himself near a rivulet, where he lay three days with no other food than the ominous entrails tied round his neck. The enemy having retired in despair, the messenger arrived safely in Gojam, and delivered to Gwosho a letter written in an unknown character on a scroll of common Egyptian paper. Bakshee was surprised to find that nobody understood the missive, and next produced an Arabic letter, which is in general well worded, but rather obscure in some passages. Gwosho's answer was peremptory: "Let your son be a Christian: he shall then marry my daughter, and I will conquer Gooderoo for her dowry."

Both letters, of which my brother has sent copies to Paris, are now before me. That in Arabic contains 38 lines, and nearly 1,000 letters; the other has only 570 characters in 60 lines, and, from several marks, appears to have been written from right to left. On this hypothesis, and supposing the letter written in Ilmorma, which is the language of Limmoo, I have attempted to decipher it, by searching for proper names, and such complimentary expressions as must occur in the beginning. However, with the exception of the names Bakshee, Gwosho, and the words *ya obaleaako* (O my brother), I have laboured in vain. The characters appear to have been formed on the same principle as those of Northern Ethiopia, or rather, perhaps, as remarked by Lieut. Christopher, I. N., like the ancient Maldivé alphabet. I subjoin the first three lines.

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The corresponding (?) lines of the Arabic letter may be translated thus:—"Praise to the one God, and prayer and greeting to the Apostle of God Mohammed, whom no other prophet will follow, and

greeting to Gwosho, son of Zowday, apple of my eye," &c.

I would not have taken up so much of your time with this Galla puzzle, if it did not suggest a train of ideas most interesting to the philosopher. Characters are not invented for such casualties as a message to a neighbouring prince. The Orme have, then, a literature of their own, unstained by any mixture with Asiatic or even Abyssinian civilization. Is this literature poetical, religious, or historical? Can any resemblance be traced between these characters and the older forms of writing used by the people of Sesostris, whose cradle, if we may believe Herodotus, is to be found in the unexplored heights of Ethiopia?

If any of your learned readers can bring the dawn of a solution to one of these questions, I shall not have written in vain. Ever truly yours,

ANTHONY D'ABBADIE.

P.S.—A number of the *Athenæum* of last year, which I cannot quote, as it is mislaid,* says, in speaking of Lieut. Wellsted, that the Eklily language derives its name from the tribe named El-akhlil, which is to be found in Arabia and Eastern Africa. I have the names of all the principal tribes in Eastern Africa, from Sawakia to the Equator, and have not heard of the El-akhlil. If you would mention where they are located, and on what information, I might verify it here, where I shall reside four months.†

Copied in Hodaydah (Arabia) May 29.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is now announced that the management of our Italian Opera has fallen into the hands of Mr. Lumley, who has for some years been connected with that entangled establishment in a legal capacity. He has left town, it is said, for Italy, with a view of entering into engagements for his coming season. These are not easy to make: the present system of Italian management tends to secure the services of all really valuable artists for many years in advance at home, whence little is left for the foreigner's choice but those members of the dramatic companies whom no one would care to retain. Much, too, must be done in cleansing and beautifying the house, and in placing the scenic department, as regards propriety, liberality, and finish of decoration, on a par with the other metropolitan theatres, as in *esse* under Vestris, and in

* No. 659.

† By the expression *Eastern Africa*, in the passage referred to by Mr. D'Abbadie, was meant the coast southwards from Cape Gardafui, but particularly south of the equator, where the ruling population of the chief towns, as Fatta, Lamé, Mombasa, &c., is still composed of Arabs. A native of the last-named town, when questioned by us respecting the Emozaidi and other tribes, said by De Barros to have established themselves on that coast in the eighth century, denied all knowledge of them: they have become extinct, and their names are no longer remembered. The chief tribes known to him, were the Al-Lami, of whom he was himself one, the Al-Akhlil (which name he pronounced like the Scotch *ochiel*), and the Al-Yurubi, one of the noblest of the Arab tribes, and that to which the Sultan of Maskat belongs. The original seat of the Al-Lami is the head of the Persian Gulf and neighbourhood of Basrah: the Al-Akhlil emigrated from Hadramaut, and the Al-Yurubi from Oman.

We shall take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to Mr. D'Abbadie for his zeal in saving the river Mareb from the complete execution with which it has been threatened. We may be allowed, at the same time, to observe, that Telluz, who professed to abridge the work of Almeida—a task which he executed, in general, with great judgment and fidelity—was not justified, nevertheless, by his original, in coupling the name of the Mareb with that of Fremona. The Mareb, according to Almeida, rises two leagues west of Doharwa, winds round that town on the south, and then flows northward. Three days north of Doharwa, it passes near the mountain of Allelajah; and two or three days further on, in the country of the Pagans, it disappears in the sandy soil, but rises again, and is finally spent in irrigation. Almeida, and the patriarch Mendez, owed much of their information respecting Abyssinia to an intelligent Portuguese Creole, named John Gabriel, who had visited most parts of that great empire. He had attended the Emperor on an expedition along the banks of the Mareb into the country of Dequin—the Duquono of other writers—a comprehensive name, extending on the coast even to Arkiko, and perhaps the Tishhar of Mr. D'Abbadie. In the tract occasionally watered by the Mareb, good water was found at the depth of eight or ten paces, according to John Gabriel; and what is more remarkable, plenty of living fish were found imbedded in the soil. This singular phenomenon, which has not escaped the notice of Arab writers, (see Quatremère, *Mémoires sur l'Égypte*, ii., p. 18,) has been observed in Guayana by Mr. Hilhouse. How is it to be explained, that recent travellers in Abyssinia have said nothing of the Tishhar inhabiting the waters of the Tehazzi? Will Mr. D'Abbadie say whether the name Hadendwah is not the general appellation of Bedwin or Nomades in the Boja language, signifying people "without houses" or fixed habitations?

posse under Macready. One difficulty, however—the want of new works likely to succeed—is harder to meet than any of the reforms or reparations adverted to as indispensable. Till some fresh genius springs up in the South, we are of opinion that any coming manager would do well rather "to try back" among the stores of former years than waste his energies upon the presentment of the flimsy nothings of the hour—too insipid for singers to sing warmly, or for a public to listen to at all! Taste, research, and liberality could not be better expended, than in a careful examination of the repertory in which the Bantis and the Grassinis of other days charmed the town. The old works revived have hitherto stood no chance of success; having been introduced with a hurry as regards rehearsal, and a parsimony as regards appointment, showing, past question, the small value set upon them by the manager. Let those in power be reminded, that even our own Shakespeare's plays will not keep their ground, on the stage, in the face of such slights and negligences! More of these matters, when we have Mr. Lumley's programme before us.

It is impossible to hear, without interest, of the translation of Moore's Melodies into Irish,—which, we believe, is about to take place immediately;—nor can we receive, without most agreeable anticipations of curiosity, the tidings that, shortly after the coming stoppage of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' its author will proceed to America, for a six months' residence. —An event in the French literary world has amused us too much to be passed over, and may be here mentioned. This is the recent marriage of the redoubtable *feuilletonist*, M. Jules Janin, who published his own epithalamium, complimentary of himself, his calling, his friends, and his bride, the day after "the knot was tied," in *Le Journal des Débats*, under the title of 'Mariage du Critique.'

The competition amongst the artists of France for the monument to be erected beneath the dome of the *Invalides*, to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, has produced eighty-two designs, drawn or modelled, which have been arranged in the Royal School of the Fine Arts, for exhibition to the public, to commence on the 27th of the present month. Immediately after the close of that exhibition, the public are to be admitted to see M. P. Delaroché's great picture on the hemicycle of the *Salle d'Amphithéâtre* of the same school. This gigantic painting is composed of eight great groups, severally representing the French, Italian, Florentine, Spanish, German, Polish, Dutch, and Flemish schools. To aid its effect, the roof of the saloon is to be arranged in harmony with the picture, and the cupola, by which it is lighted, to be greatly enlarged.

The search made during several months among the various collections of the archives of France, and elsewhere, for letters of Henri IV., in aid of the publication preparing under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, has confirmed all that has been so often asserted, of the extensive correspondence personally maintained by that monarch. From domestic collections, municipal archives, judicial registries, (the depositories of the papers of the ancient parliaments,) and many other sources, native and foreign, letters have poured in, to the amount, it is said, already, of 2,500, more than 1,500 of which are hitherto unpublished. They exhibit the monarch at all the periods, and in all the vicissitudes of his eventful life—as a warrior, a statesman, a monarch, and a private gentleman—thus furnishing the intimate history of this illustrious prince, written unconsciously by himself, and a commentary on all the great events of the time, which, with our means, derived from other sources, of appreciating the man and his motives, our knowledge of his strength and his weakness, is of inestimable value. The publication will be one of the most remarkable contributions to history that modern times have seen. The publication of the letters is entrusted to M. Berger de Xivrey, of the Institute, whose labours are revised and superintended by a committee, composed of MM. Mignet and Monmerqué.

The French Academy of Sciences has begun to give its attention to the uses which may be derived from the balloon, for the examination of those meteorological and atmospherical phenomena—such as the decrease of temperature in proportion to the elevation, the inclination of the magnetized needle, polar-

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ation, the variations in the blue colour of the sky—the intensity of light, viewed downward from above, and upward from below—on which philosophy is, as yet, so imperfectly informed. At the last sitting of this body, M. Arago announced his programme of a system of experiments, by the aid of aerostation, which he had in contemplation, embracing the co-operation of the leading scientific men of France,—and stated that he was engaged in the preparation of all such new and improved instruments as would be needed for the various tests and inquiries to which the atmosphere would be subjected. The same employment of the balloon has been and is, as many of our readers know, in the contemplation of our own scientific chiefs; and the years that have been spent, amid discouragements of all kinds, in bringing this machine to its present state of comparative perfection, have been bestowed in a most valuable direction, if they shall finally yield no other practical beneficial result than that of enabling the philosopher to follow nature into some of those hiding-places, where she has eluded him so long, and read her secrets where they have been, for ages, written far beyond his reach.

The vast collection of objects of art left by Goethe is, it is said, about to be brought to the hammer. Its value is spoken of as very great; and various learned Germans have undertaken to prepare the catalogues, each one of that portion which refers to the subjects of his own more especial knowledge.

Cerrito has arrived at Vienna to fulfil an engagement for the season at the Opera of that city: receiving in return the largest appointments ever given to a dancer in the capital of the modern Cæsars—20,000 florins (2,000*l.*) and four benefit nights. Fanny has never been seen by the public of Vienna, who, nevertheless, have taken her merits upon trust, and paid a comfortable instalment of her honours in advance. The houses in the neighbourhood of her hotel were lighted on the evening after her arrival, and a crowd of the musicians and dilettanti of the city serenaded beneath her window. The principle of the "lay-figure" may be recognized in a transparency representing Terpsichore crowned with flowers, which the musicians brought with them, and set up on the pavement, while they played, bearing the legend, 'Welcome, O! Fanny Cerrito, graceful dancer!'

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE TWO NEW PICTURES now exhibiting, represent the interior of the CATHEDRAL OF AUCH, in the South of France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, taken from a sketch made on the spot by D. Roberts, R.A., in 1839, with various effects of light and shade. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux. Open from Ten till Five.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—ARTISTS, ENGINEERS, and INVENTORS of merit will in future have their Works Illustrated and Described in Rotation, with the view of further promoting and securing the Public attention to their efforts, and of increasing the variety of New Popular Lectures. The subject of one of the new Lectures is Professor CLARK'S Patent Process for PURIFYING THE WATERS SUPPLIED to the METROPOLIS. THE DISSOLVING VIEWS, with additions. THE DISSOLVING ORRERY, MICROSCOPE, and nearly 1,000 Works of eminent art, science, and ingenuity. DIVER and DIVING BELL. A VIEW of CANTON, elaborately finished by a CHINESE ARTIST, and other COSMOGRAPHIC VIEWS, are added in the Evenings. Several admired Airs in the Music are new, and composed expressly for the Institution by Mr. T. S. Walla, the Conductor. Admission to the whole, One Shilling. Not open on Saturday-Evenings.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

J. Cox, Esq., of Wisbeach, and H. Fraser, Esq., of Newton, near Inverness, have been elected Fellows.

The following papers have been read since our last report:—

A letter from Mr. Craig to Dr. Buckland, 'On the Boulder Deposits near Glasgow.'

A note by Mr. Murchison on 'A Section and a list of Fossils from the State of New York,' by James Hall, Esq.—The writer says, that in consequence of the researches of Messrs. Featherstonhaugh, Conrad, Hall, Vanuxem, R. C. Taylor, and other geologists, large tracts in the British colonies in North America and the United States have been long known to be composed of formations containing Silurian, old red sandstone and carboniferous fossils. Mr. Hall's section, presenting a tabular view of the succession of formations, commences with the red sandstone of Blossburgh in Pennsylvania, proved to be the representative of the old red sandstone or Devonian system of Great Britain, in consequence of its inclosing remains of *Holopichius* and *Coccosteus*. This deposit is succeeded in descending order by others, referable, on account of their testaceous remains, to the lower part of the same system, and

these are again overlaid by limestones and shales, especially at Lockport and Rochester, charged with *Ptilodictya lanceolata* and other Silurian corals and fossils. The lowest deposit alluded to by Mr. Hall is the Medina sandstone.

'On the Geological Phenomena in the Vicinity of Cape Town, Southern Africa,' by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, F.G.S.—Mr. Clarke arranges his details under the heads of Physical aspect, Mineral structure, and Geological changes.

1. *Physical aspect*.—The leading physical features are the magnificent serrated mountains called Blue Berg or Hottentot's Holland, which stretch northwards for many miles into the interior, and the promontory which extends from Table Mountain to the Cape of Good Hope. Each of these ranges consists of flat-topped masses interspersed with pyramidal or pointed peaks, and separated by deep ravines; and Mr. Clarke states that their outline is evidently owing to deep vertical fissures intersecting horizontal strata, proving also that the Table Mountain is not a solitary example of the feature to which it owes its name. A level area extends from the base of the Blue Berg to the shore; and between the southern termination of that range and Table Mountain, is the low sandy district called the Table Flats, forming an isthmus between Table Bay and False Bay. A prominent but subordinate physical feature is the Lion's Hill, situated below Table Mountain; at the entrance of the Bay is Robben's Island, and between the base of the Blue Berg and the shore is a low range of hills of limited extent. False Bay is bounded on the west by the Cape Promontory, and on the east by a continuation of the Blue Berg, presenting the same physical structure and geological aspect as the Promontory.

Mineral structure and position.—In detailing the composition of the rocks and the associated phenomena, Mr. Clarke describes separately, first, each of the principal physical masses; namely, the Lion's Rump, the district between Green Point and Camp's Bay, that between Camp's Bay and Cobler's Hole, the Kloof, and Table Mountain, and secondly, the modern deposits, springs and detritus.

Modern deposits.—These are confined to the dunes along the coast at the foot of the Blue Berg, the sand ridges on the Cape Flats, and the drift sand on the wide space under the slope of the Cape Promontory towards Constantia. Mr. Clarke also includes in them the concretions or calcareous sand tubes formed around the roots and stems of marine plants near Green Point, and at other localities. These accumulations generally assume the form of an elongated tumulus, and are occasionally from 30 to 100 feet thick. The author also alludes to the vegetable and other debris brought together by the rains, and to the commencement by this means of an embryonic lignite formation on one side of the Cape Flats.

Springs.—The well-water in Cape Town is considered unwholesome. Under Table Mountain is a spring which rises from the granite, and is computed to throw out daily 150,000 gallons; and at Newlands near Wynberg is a spring of sufficient volume to work two mills, and to discharge daily 850,000 gallons. That these springs are not the result of accumulations from the heights, is proved, Mr. Clarke says, from their not varying with the season, and because the water cannot be made to rise above the level at which it appears.

Detritus.—The accumulations described under this head are entirely local, being derived from the subjacent or neighbouring rocks. The author next describes the changes in the relative level of land and sea. Everything, he says, tends to confirm the inference, that the whole country was at a comparatively recent period under water. Thus the shingle beds, resting upon granite, at Cobler's Hole, prove an elevation of at least 400 feet since the present species of testacea inhabited the adjacent seas; and he adds "The water-worn masses of sandstone and the hollows in the beds of that rock *in situ*, identical with those now produced by sea-waves beating against a cliff, equally prove the condition of previous elevation; and the steep sides of the granite, in parallel lines of coast, also lend to the conclusion that they were so modified by currents acting in lines coincident with their direction." The occurrence of marine shells in the sand at the Cape Flats likewise shows that the sea once covered that district; and the

grooves and scratches at the Lion's Rump, Mr. Clarke observes, justly lead to the inference of elevation. Before the commencement of these changes in the relative level of land and sea, False Bay and Table Bay must have been united by a sheet of water more than sixty fathoms deep, extending over the flats, and the Cape Promontory must have been an Island. To the action of the sea at that period Mr. Clarke attributes the production of the felspathic clay, and its accumulation at the Lion's Rump; and to the action of currents at an earlier period, when the summit of the Table range lay as islands and reefs not far above the level of the sea, the removal of the sandstone and the excavation of the granite at the Kloof, also the denudation and rounding of the ridge of the Lion's Hill, the denudation of Robben's Island, and the production of those terraces, which form the summit of Table Mountain appear to stretch gradually downwards to the Cape of Good Hope. The separation of the Lion's Rump and the Devil's Mountain from the Table Mountain, and the fissures throughout the range, the author conceives were produced during the elevation of the country. Proofs of changes of relative level of sea and land are stated to be equally apparent in the interior; and Mr. Clarke says, that the inspection of an accurate map will convince the inquirer, that Southern Africa must have been an Archipelago. In conclusion, some general observations are made on the great similarity in the geological composition of Southern Africa and New South Wales.

'On the distribution of Erratic Boulders, and on the contemporaneous unstratified deposits of South America,' by C. Dawson, Esq.—The extensive regions more particularly described in this paper, are the districts traversed by the Rio Santa Cruz (lat. 50° S.), Tierra del Fuego, including the coasts of the Strait of Magellan, and the Island of Chiloe. In ascending the Rio Santa Cruz, boulders first occur about 100 miles from the coast, or 67 from the Cordillera; and 12 miles nearer that chain they are extraordinarily numerous, consisting of angular masses, often of great size, of argillaceous and chlorite schist, felspathic rocks, and basaltic lava. The plain on which they lie, is 1,400 feet above the level of the sea; and the following section, exhibited on the banks of the Santa Cruz, is given by the author to illustrate its composition.—1. Gravel, or shingle, coarsely stratified, which extends to the coast, 212 feet. 2. Basaltic lava, 322 feet. 3. Various coloured thin strata, the lower containing minute pebbles of the same nature as the boulders on the surface of the plain, with the exception of the lava, 588. The valley of Santa Cruz widens, on approaching the Cordillera, into an estuary-like plain, which is only 440 feet above the level of the sea, and is considered to have been submerged within the post-pleistocene period, because existing sea shells occur near the mouth of the plain, and because terraces, which not far from the coast are certainly of recent marine origin, extend a considerable distance up the valley. Between this estuary-like plain and the great plain is another, 800 feet in height, the surface of which consists of shingle, and large boulders of a different description from those which abound on the high plain; and Mr. Darwin therefore infers that they were not derived from its denudation, but have been transported from the Cordillera, since the country received its present outline. The author did not observe erratic blocks in any other part of Patagonia, but Capt. King noticed large fragments of primary rocks on the great plain which terminates at Cape Gregory in the Strait of Magellan. Extensive outliers of the above formation occur on the eastern side of Tierra del Fuego, fringed by lower plains consisting of finely grained argillaceous sandstone and gravel. On the eastern border of the Strait of Magellan, and at various localities within the strait, this sandstone passes into or alternates with great unstratified deposits of till, containing angular and rounded fragments, as well as large boulders, derived from mountains at least sixty miles distant to the west or south-west; and Mr. Darwin is of opinion that the blocks which occur in vast numbers on all the beaches, have generally been washed out of the cliffs. From the configuration of the surface where some of these boulders were noticed, the author infers that long anterior to the total amount of elevation of the land, a wide channel must have connected the middle of

the strait with the Atlantic, and that a straight channel must have existed between Otway water and the eastern arm of the strait. He is further of opinion, that the ancient currents flowed like the modern from the west, as the blocks have been transported in the same direction. Several islands off the extreme southern portions of Tierra del Fuego, and the shores of Beagle Channel, are fringed with a similar boulder deposit. The want of stratification in portions of these accumulations, Mr. Darwin ascribes to the disturbing action of grounded icebergs; and the absence of organic remains, he is of opinion, may be due to the same cause. The boulder formation in Chiloe is apparently confined to the eastern and northern sides of the island, and the boulders are believed to have been derived from the opposite mainland. With respect to its age, Mr. Darwin offers no precise opinion, but on account of the occurrence of existing sea shells at the height of 350 feet above the level of the sea, he conceives that it probably was accumulated within the post-pleistocene period; and he adduces similar evidence of the age of the till of Tierra del Fuego. The author then describes the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego, and explains his views relative to the agency which drifting ice may have had in transporting the blocks on the plains of Patagonia, in Tierra del Fuego and Chiloe.

'On the agency of Snails in corroding deep cavities in compact limestone rocks,' by the Rev. Prof. Buckland.—The author's attention was first directed to the action of snails on limestone at Boulogne in 1839, and during a visit to Tenby, in the early part of the present year, he ascertained that certain perforations in the rock on which the Castle stands, and considered by some observers to have been made by pholades, must have been excavated by snails. The reasons adduced for this inference are, that the hollows never occur on the top of the ledges of limestone rock, but on the sides and under surfaces, where alone the animals could find shelter; that the cavities are often confluent and very irregular in size and shape, corresponding in form to the ordinary latit of snails; and thirdly, because he found in the hollows at Boulogne, as well as at Tenby, dead and living shells. The mode of operation by which such excavations are made, he considers to be the same as that by which the common limpet corrodes a socket in calcareous rocks, and he is of opinion that in both cases the animal secretes an acid fluid.

'On Moss Agates, and other Siliceous Bodies,' by J. S. Bowerbank, Esq.—In this memoir the author gives the results of his microscopic examination of the animal remains contained in siliceous minerals. During the course of this series of investigations he examined a great number of specimens of moss agates from Oberstein, and other parts of Germany, as well as from Sicily, and about seventy specimens of green jasper from India. The following are the conclusions at which he has arrived:—In every specimen of agate and jasper he found the remains of tubular sponges texture very often nearly obliterated, and exhibiting only the red pigment which had filled the tubes, but frequently in a perfect state of preservation: he detected also numerous small globular bodies, which he is of opinion were the gemmules of the sponge; and he discovered instances of vascular structure, both on the exterior of the tubes, and within their cavities. Mr. Bowerbank has examined also numerous specimens of Egyptian agates, but could not detect in them any traces of sponges remains. He ascertained that they consisted of small, irregular, light-coloured grains, imbedded in a banded siliceous matrix, and that they contained vast numbers of foraminifera unequally distributed through the layers composing the agate. He also describes the structure of several mocha stones, and shows that their moss-like appearance is not of organic origin, but due to metallic infiltrations. A specimen of Herefordshire pudding-stone was found to exhibit, in its larger pebbles, all the spongy characters of chalk flints.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Since our last Report, the following gentlemen have been elected: as Graduates, D. P. Hewitt, J. Boustead, J. Colthurst, G. B. W. Jackson; as Associates, J. Ball, A. Morawski, G. Simons, Col. G. R. Jervis, B.E., Capt. H. Goodwyn, B.E., W. L. Arrow-smith, W. C. Pickersgill, W. Millar, R. Cantwell, T. Clark, and H. R. Labatt.

The following papers have been read:—
'Description of Stephenson's Theatre Machinery,' by J. B. Birch.—The general arrangement of the machinery is thus described:—The interior of the house between the basement and the roof, is divided into four compartments, viz.—1. A raised platform on which the gearing for working the stage traps is placed. The trap frames are mounted upon rollers; they traverse on the lower platform in every direction; and when brought under the apertures of the stage, allow the traps to sink or rise steadily at any required speed. 2. The stage, with its traps of various dimensions, including a considerable portion formed to rise or fall by suitable machinery, and called the sinking stage. 3. The lower flies or corridor, between which and the stage are placed the wings or side scenes, and the border frames are suspended. 4. The upper flies, upon which is placed the machinery to communicate motion to the whole, from the upper horizontal shaft, by means of bevel gear, provided with double clutches to reverse the motion and shafts, on the lower ends of which are the slow-motion wheels and drums, an endless chain is driven horizontally in either direction; to this are attached the borders representing clouds, foliage, arches, &c. The side scenes or wing frames, the number of which is determined by the depth of the stage, may be either flat, circular, or triangular, and receive a rotary motion, combined with or apart from a forward and backward movement at pleasure, and can be placed at any desired angle to the audience. At every change of the scene they revolve through 120° or $\frac{1}{2}$ of a circle, and the scenes when removed from sight are replaced by those which are to succeed them. The traversing frames revolve on a centre, and are suspended from the border frames, or from the upper part of the theatre, for crossing the stage in any direction, and at any given inclination.

'On the Combustion of Anthracite, and its value as a Fuel for Steam Engine and other Furnaces,' by A. Fyfe, M.D.—The author having been engaged in testing the value of Mr. Bell's patent furnace, was induced to make some experiments on the use of anthracite in conjunction with that system. The objects sought to be obtained by the apparatus are, to insure a larger amount of evaporation, by passing heated air, unimixed with the products of combustion, through tubes in the boiler and surrounded by the water, thus increasing the evaporating surface; and that the surplus caloric taken originally from the fuel, and not given out in its passage through the water, should be beneficially used in aiding the combustion beneath the boiler. It has been found in the manufacture of iron that anthracite could be advantageously used by means of heated air; the author therefore considered that the experiments upon this apparatus (the intrinsic merits of which he does not at all discuss in this communication), afforded an advantageous opportunity for ascertaining in what manner this fuel could be successfully employed under steam boilers. The anthracite supplied to the author was unfortunately of inferior quality, analysis giving only of fixed carbon 71.4, and of volatile inflammable matter 13.3, and the experiments were conducted under other disadvantages. The results, however, of an experiment extending over 8½ hours without interruption, are then shown. In this trial, 448 lb. of anthracite were thrown on the fire in four equal portions, at intervals of two hours; 3,560 lb. of water at 45° were pumped into the boiler and evaporated under a pressure of 17 lb. per square inch. After deducting 40½ lb. of unconsumed coal which fell through the bars, the amount of evaporation was found to be 8.73 lb. of water for each pound of coal consumed. If the feed water had been at a temperature of 212° the evaporation would have amounted to 10.03 lb. During this trial the air in the tubes of the boiler never exceeded 430°, but on subsequent occasions it was raised as high as 700°. The author's opinion is, that when anthracite is completely burned, the practical evaporative power will be found directly in proportion to the amount of fixed carbon contained by it—that with the exception of the loss of heat which is always transmitted to the brick-work of the furnace, and of that which is carried up the chimney to keep up the draught, the whole of that evolved by the fixed carbon will be retained by the water; because from good fuel there is little or no escape of gaseous matter, and hence the superior efficacy of

anthracite. From the analysis of a number of specimens of anthracite, the author found the quantity of fixed carbon to amount to 90 per cent. The evaporative power of these fuels, as fixed by Berthier's process (la voie sèche), would amount to 12.3 lb. of water for each pound of coal consumed. He calculates that 6 lb. of anthracite will evaporate one cubic foot of water under the ordinary circumstances of a steam engine boiler, and taking the average specific gravity of bituminous fuel at 1280, while that of anthracite is 1410, there is a difference of nearly 10 per cent. in favour of the latter, considering the space in which it can be stored. It is essential that its rate of combustion should be such as to raise steam rapidly, its capabilities for which the author then proceeds to examine, and deduces from the experiments that the combustion of the anthracite was carried on so as to produce a greater amount of evaporation, in a given time, than could be obtained from bituminous coal. This result is attributed in some degree to the use of heated air. The author recommends that the anthracite should be supplied to the furnace by a hopper through the boiler, wherein it is warmed before reaching the fire bars, which obviates the inconvenience of decrepitation, and insures regularity in the supply of steam.

'Description of the new Sewer in the Valley of the Cowgate, Edinburgh,' by G. Smith.—The author gave an account of a complete system of drainage, designed by him as architect to the Commissioners for improving the City of Edinburgh, and then describes the mode of constructing the first sewer, which begins at the south back of the Canongate, passes along the Cowgate, and through the Grassmarket to the foot of the Bow.

'On an uniform system of Screw Threads,' by J. Whitworth.—It is argued, that uniformity of thread would be productive of economy, both in the use of screwing apparatus, and in the consumption of bolts and nuts. The refitting shop of a railway or steam packet company affords a striking instance of the advantage to be derived from the application of this principle. If the same system of screw threads were common to the different engines, a single set of screwing tackle would suffice for any repairs. No attempt appears to have been hitherto made to attain this important object. Engineers have adopted their threads without reference to a common standard; and accordingly, instead of that uniformity which is so desirable, there prevails a diversity so great as almost to discourage any hope of its removal. The only mode in which this could be effected, would be by a compromise; all parties consenting to adopt a medium for the sake of common advantage. The author then proceeds to describe the mode adopted by Messrs. Whitworth & Co. some years since, in selecting their threads upon this principle. An extensive collection was made of screw-bolts from the principal workshops throughout England, and the average thread was carefully observed for different diameters. The $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and 1 inch were particularly selected, and taken as the fixed points of a scale by which the intermediate sizes were regulated, avoiding small fractional parts in the number of threads to the inch. The scale was afterwards extended to 6 inches. The author anticipates as an important result of a combined effort to introduce uniformity, that screwing tackle generally would be much improved, and the efficiency and economy of bolts and nuts be thereby increased. He recommends also standard gauges of the diameters and threads, as they would form a convenient adjunct to the screwing apparatus, and would be applicable to other useful purposes.

'Account of the original construction and present state of the Plymouth Breakwater,' by W. Stuart, (read at the British Association, see p. 679).

'On the Construction and Use of Geological Models in connexion with Civil Engineering,' by T. Sopwith, (read at the British Assoc.—see No. 566).

As being in some degree connected with the subject of this paper, Dr. Buckland described a mode used by Sir John Robison, for obtaining moulds for plaster casts. The object, of which the mould was required, was immersed in a mixture of common glue, dissolved in brewer's sweet wort of about the consistency of thick cream, and allowed to remain until the mass became stiff; it was then released by cutting the mould open, when it would be found to re-

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same its original form like Indian rubber: holes were made in it for pouring in the plaster of Paris, and for carrying off the air; from such moulds, casts of the most delicate objects could be taken.

'Description of the Bann Reservoirs, County Down, Ireland,' by J. F. Bateman.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—Oct. 20.—R. Owen, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair.—The Secretary, Mr. J. Quekett, read a paper, by himself, 'On the Minute Structure of Bat's Hair.'—After alluding to the great beauty of the hairs of different animals, as developed by means of the microscope, the author described briefly the formation and mode of growth of hairs generally, and stated that his attention was directed to those of the bat tribe, in consequence of having, on more than one occasion, used a knife to separate them from the skin, and, on examination subsequently, it was seen that the curious markings on their surfaces, which render these hairs so interesting, were destroyed in some parts, but were still present in others; by repeating the process, it was found that minute scale-like bodies were detached, which were not unlike in shape the scales on the wing of a butterfly, but were very much smaller, and presented no trace of striae on their surfaces; and it was to the arrangement of the scales, and to their being more prominent in some species than in others, that the beautiful appearance of bat's hair depended. Many of the scales appeared to terminate in a quill, like that observed on the butterfly's scale; some few were flat, whilst others were curved, so as to fit the shaft of the hair, and presented a serrated edge. The scales were absent near the bulb, but abounded in all parts of the shaft situated above the skin, and when removed from many of the larger hairs the fibrous nature of the shaft and its cellular interior were well displayed. He spoke of the hair of an Indian bat, in which, without any preparation, the scales could be beautifully seen, both detached and still adherent to the shaft; and he was led, from repeated observation, to consider a bat's hair as composed of a shaft, invested with scales, which are developed to a greater or less degree, and vary in the mode of their arrangement in the different species of these animals.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Oct. 1.—H. C. Watson, Esq., in the chair.—Numberless specimens and plants were exhibited. A letter was read from Mr. James Rich, of Mahon, giving an account of a botanical excursion to Majorca. Mr. Rich left Mahon in the latter part of April, and reached Palma after a sail of four days. His first excursion from Palma was to Valldemosa, about eight miles distant, "a place" (he observes) "amongst the mountains, where the rocks rise to an immense height, almost perpendicularly from the road, with their grey-looking solitary peaks generally buried in clouds. At their bases, the luxuriance of the vegetation is unmatched; but as you look higher up, you see nothing but a stunted oak or a pine (*Quercus ilex* and *Pinus halepensis*), growing, as it were, out of the solid rock." Mr. Rich has collected for the Botanical Society, amongst others, the following plants:—*Punica granatum*, *Asphodelus ramosus* and *fatulosus*, *Lonicera ifleza*, *Iris sisyrinchium*, *Hypericum Balearicum*, *Delphinium olaphysagria*, *Ceterach officinarum*, *Sedum alpinum*, *Salvia claudestina*, *Origanum Majoricum*, *Thymus filiformis*, *Verbascum sinuatum*, also many species common to England, but interesting in a geographical point of view. Mr. Rich's next journey was to Sollér, about fifteen miles distant, and situate about three miles from the sea, the details of which he has promised to give more fully in his next letter. Mr. Rich concludes with a list of species added to his first collection, amongst which we observed *Aithya hirsuta*, *Lavandula spicata* and *dentata*, *Bellis annua*, *Astragalus* (*Tragacanthus*) *poterium*, *Hedysarum spinosissimum*, *Proralea bituminosa*, *Cytisus spinosa* and *argentea*, *Anchusa angustifolia*, *Anagallis phanica*; most of them were collected on the road from Valldemosa to Sollér, near the base of the mountains, which rise to an altitude of near 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Moz.	Entomological Society	Eight, P.M.
Tras.	Chemical Society	Eight.
	Horticultural Society	Two.
Wed.	Geological Society	p. Eight.
	Society of Arts	p. Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR. MACREADY respectfully informs the Public, that he has entered upon a lease of this Theatre, with the intention of endeavouring to restore its legitimate Dramatic representations. He begs to add, that circumstances, incidental to the present season, compel him to defer its opening beyond the customary period; but he trusts, that the disadvantages of this postponement will be in part counteracted by the measures, which the interim will enable him more completely to realise, and of which he is anxious to make the earliest announcement.

The purpose of his previous Management is already known. The same purpose, that of advancing the drama, as a branch of National literature and art, by exact regard to the completeness of its effects, will be steadfastly kept in view.

No pains or expense will be spared in the selection of the Company, and engagements have been already concluded with many eminent performers.

The series of Shakespeare's Plays will be illustrated with uniform correctness, and as far as possible will be produced in strict fidelity to the Poet's text, with all needful appliances of scenic illusion; whilst the most liberal invitations and inducements are tendered for the contributions of living dramatists.

In a similar spirit Music will be associated with those aids of the picturesque in scenery and action, that peculiarly belong to it in its dramatic form, and the utmost attention and encouragement given, to improve, in genuine English Opera, a school of art.

The purposes, to which the Saloons and Lobbies of London Theatres have been too frequently appropriated, have seemed to justify objections to Dramatic Entertainments, and have become a national reproach among the well-informed of other countries. This cause of complaint will not be suffered to exist in Drury Lane Theatre, and the most strict and rigid regulations enforced, not only to secure the respectable frequenters of the Theatre from annoyance during the performance, but to restore to them an agreeable resort for promenade and refreshment without danger of offence to propriety or delicacy.

The accommodations for the Visitors to the Pit will be extended and improved.

Upon the consideration, that a National Theatre should be esteemed in relation to its influence on literature and taste, rather than as a mercantile speculation, the lowest scale possible will be adopted in determining the Prices of Admission. Full confidence is entertained, that the conduct of the establishment, and not the price, will be taken as the criterion of its claim to public favour.

In effect, the principle of its direction through every department will be an endeavour to demonstrate, that the exclusive Patent of a Theatre is a delegated trust for the interests of the Drama, and the advantage of the Nation.

The Theatre will be opened on MONDAY, December 27th.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

If the present be not an epoch of musical creation it is notoriously one of musical instruction. Every week brings its *Manual*, its *Tune Book*, or its *Method of Methods*. Every professor, be he ever so green, be he ever so gray in experience, seems to find it necessary to commit himself in print: and the *Lyres* and *Musical Worlds*, &c. might, if it so pleased them, exclusively fill their columns by analyzing elementary works, nine-tenths of which, be it whispered, are not worth the analysis! From us, however, only a brief notice can be expected of this copious and generally uninteresting class of productions. It is a pleasure to commence with a work in more respects than one so calculated to take the lead, as *The Art of Singing*, by Signor Crivelli. The best treatise will never, as we have often said, supersede the necessity of a master; and hence the accessory title, *A Complete System for the Cultivation of the Voice*, is a wider profession than we can allow to pass unquestioned; but in right of all his remarks on the divers qualities and occupations of the voice, and yet more the *soffeggi* added most liberally, both as to quantity and to variety, Signor Crivelli's book is a valuable assistance to the singing master, and qualified to support the reputation of its writer as the first vocal teacher England possesses. Less comprehensive and extensive, but still useful, are Mr. James Bennett's *Elementary Exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice*. The letter-press introduction contains more of that specific instruction which is best orally communicated, and fewer general outlines and precepts than appear to us seasonable.

Did but the promised second volume of the next treatise lie before us, we might salute the work with the exclamation of the melancholy Jaques, "Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools!" for assuredly a cruder mass of absurdity never presented itself to our amused eyes, than *The Academy of Elementary Music*, containing a *lucid Exposition of the Theory and Basis of the Practice*, from its primary notions to those of *Composition*, as also a *Rectification of the Musical System*, and *Explanation of the Mechanism, Physiology and Metaphysics*, of the (modulated, simple, and articulated sounds, WHERE-BY (!) the learner is enabled to become an accomplished musician, without the assistance of a master, in three-fourths of the time generally employed in acquiring a musical education, by Abbé O'Donnelly. Benevolence, it appears from the preface, was the motive which induced the Abbé O'Donnelly to undertake the ruin of the Moscheles', Crivelli and other minor prophets of music, for, after having adverted to the capricious use of mixed Italian terms, in the nomenclature of his art, "Not-

withstanding this unsettled state of the science," continues the Abbé pathetically, "the etiquette of the day subjects the more delicate sex to the necessity of acquiring a sufficient knowledge of its principles, to be able to figure in a drawing-room, or to take part in a public choir, before they are considered accomplished, or their education honourably completed. In consequence, the child on her egress from infancy is yoked to a piano (!), and sentenced to bear that yoke all the time of her youth. A method containing a few detached principles is brought to her assistance, and, occasionally, a master, who, to her greater confusion, one half the time differs from the method, and even when he sets her on his favourite plan of the four or five precepts, which he gives at each lesson, three are forgotten before he is ten minutes absent. Nevertheless, she toils away until his return, learning what she must unlearn before she can learn what is right. Hence, frequent disappointments, which gives (!) her horror and disgust for the instrument, that renders her, altogether, incapable of making any progress whatsoever. But she sees her rivals getting on—the spirit of rivalry and instance of her parents obliges her to return to the task: and often with a sanguine and delicate constitution, which, at length, overcome by constant lassitude and uneasiness of mind, gives way to the germ of a consumption, that before, or soon after her marriage, liberates her from the slavery of this world!" Dark and grievous as is this picture, we confess ourselves to be somewhat wearied by its transcription; which may have been necessary, however, to convince the incredulous of the lengths to which folly will go. We have but to add, that after his protest against innovations in nomenclature, and the introduction of strange and unfamiliar terms, the pitying Abbé O'Donnelly, nevertheless, allows himself, in an English treatise, to use such foreign terms as *bemol-s*, *dieses*, &c., to say nothing of Italian words more familiar. But enough of a production, the worthlessness of which exceeds even its pretension.

M. Mainzer's *Singing for the Million*, and Mr. Hamilton's *Introduction to Choral Singing*, are but two of the many answers to the want of popular musical instruction, which seems to be expressed from one end of England to the other. The author of the former treatise, as our readers are aware, directed for a time, with much success, a singing school for the operatives of Paris; and is now here, as a prospectus informs us, with the philanthropic purpose of opening gratuitous classes in London and the provinces, for the instruction of the working classes. The book before us is his manual,—containing the simplest possible elements of music, which may or may not suffice, with the aid of a master, to make the pupil a part singer. But to his making acquaintance with music by sight—not sympathy—it seems to us utterly insufficient. "To impart a general knowledge of the principles of music," says M. Mainzer in his preface, "a different method of teaching is indispensable to distinguish it from a purely musical education." Had he said a different measure, we should have agreed heartily—but we think the axiom as it stands, however specious it appear, false in its data, and leading to mischief. The elements of reading and writing are taught in the same manner to him who is destined for labour or trade, as to the man who is to embrace scholastic or professional life. Without the alphabet is thoroughly mastered, there is no such thing as an idea of language; and unless the first principles of time, tune—aye, and tone—are independently understood by each member of the vocal mass, it becomes an aimless, ill-instructed thing, incapable of progress, and liable to instant deterioration so soon as ever the master's eye is withdrawn from it. On these grounds we can by no means, with some of our contemporaries, consent to prefer M. Mainzer's method to the more copious and well-digested Manual of M. Wilhelm: nor, while we wish every success to his philanthropic exertions, can we imagine they are destined to be so widely valuable as the instruction given on the more regular progressive system. Some light is thrown on the matter, indeed, by the respective permanence and influence of the two plans as tried in Paris. We believe M. Mainzer's schools there, if not positively suspended, to be in a languishing condition: whereas, only yesterday, we were reading a report of the proceedings in the French regiments, by which it

appears that fifteen teachers, trained according to the Wilhelm method, had issued from the military class established at M. Caraffa's instance two years ago, that several regiments are now in process of instruction, and that, in short, one of the greatest masses of men in France is becoming leavened with a new and a humanizing interest. After all, the great arbiter in this, as in all other controverted matters, is Time; and we await with as much curiosity as general good will, the result of the rival experiments (if they must so be designated) now in progress among the English people.

Two minor elementary works may be despatched by a mere enumeration of their titles; these are the fourth edition of *Jousse's Pocket Dictionary of Italian, French, and English Musical Terms*, and Mr. G. H. Rodwell's *Catechism on Harmony*. To these may be added *Meissner's Modern Practical System of Tuning the Pianoforte*—another shilling pamphlet, for "the use of amateur pianists, tuners," &c., as the former are "for schools."

We are now to speak of the miscellaneous music before us. The only instrumental works are arrangements: Mr. Lincoln's welcome and useful *Organist's Anthology*, and Messrs. Wessel & Co.'s *Series of admired Modern Overtures*, No. 14, which contains one of Mendelssohn's earliest compositions, the prelude to his 'Marriage of Camacho'; and No. 26, which contains one of Auber's last—the introduction to his 'Les Diamans de la Couronne.' The former is gay and clever, with some unmistakable touches of the master-hand; the latter is flimsy to foolishness, an exceedingly elegant introductory movement excepted. This is a welcome evidence that Auber's vein, the value of which we are far from properly recognizing in England, is not yet exhausted by use.

To turn now to vocal adaptations and compositions, we begin with a musical tract or two: *Divine Lyrics*, a collection of instrumental movements from various composers, mated with words and edited by E. J. Loder; *Loder's Psalmody*, a series of stricter melodies adaptable to public worship, arranged by the same over-tasked hand; and a more bulky offering—which is 'Lyra Sacra, a collection of original psalms and hymn tunes,' by C. Oldershaw. The preface of the last-named *olla* is so self-complacent, that we must tell the whole truth of its writer, in the plainest possible terms. Even if—following out the Rev. Rowland Hill's idea—we were willing to stretch a point, and press 'Jim Crow' and 'Coal Black Rose' into the service of the Tabernacle, it is by no means a *sequitur* that we should also accept tunes as vulgar as these far-famed ditties, but neither half so symmetrical, nor half so characteristic. Worthy Doctors Toplady and Watts, in their most cheerful flights of praise, never, we opine, looked forward to having their metres linked with such *galloppe* music!—Mr. Oldershaw likewise contributes a song or two to the heap on our table; they may be mentioned here without offence, as something less sprightly than certain of the offensive tabernacle *lulls* by the same writer.

We have spoken of Mr. E. J. Loder as an over-tasked composer, and this with regret, for his earlier music bore traces of a skill too rarely to be found in works of the English school. Here, to justify our epithet, is the *Overture and Songs from 'The Deer Stalkers.'* The first is a *pasticcio* of national airs, so carelessly selected, that in the prologue to a tale of kilts, straths, "beals and corries," the Irish melody 'Cooloon' is allowed to figure as slow movement. The songs are thrown off with but little more attention. Miss Gould's ballad, 'I ne'er shall hear his voice again,' is the nearest approach to a composition among them; but it is grievous to think that the career of one who promised so fairly at his outset, should have no better meridian than this:—nor can such a state of careless manufacture, in place of thoughtful creation, be admitted, without also implying a degree of fault on the part of publisher, public, and artist, heavy enough to make us almost despair of a future for English music.—Though Mr. Lunn's canzonet, 'Glide on, glide on,' has a little more grace and freshness, than these discouraging efforts of Mr. Loder's tired pen, it is still one of those sweet nothings we cannot desire to see multiplied.—Mr. Edward Clare lays before us a canzonet, 'My Mother's Grave,' in which a better aspiration is evidenced. Mr. Davison's 'Sweet Village Bells' is an

agreeable song, though neither music nor Mr. D. Ryan's words, we are bold to say, would ever have been written, had not Moore led the way with the Chimes of Moscow. Yet more ambitious is Mr. Granville Smart's 'Song of Emigration,' in which the highest style of canzonet writing is attempted, a trifle more successfully. Miss Bendixen's 'As the Moon's soft splendour' is very carefully composed. Though it contains some injudicious and strained applications of accent, with the exception of Miss Hague's canzonets, we recollect no music sounder in stamen from the pen of an Englishwoman. Shelley's exquisite Ariette, however, goes much better to the music some years ago adapted to it, by Mr. Lincoln. But—with the risk of a sweeping definition before our eyes—we are almost tempted to assert, that the writer who can thoroughly succeed in a song of the choice quality here attempted, must also have science enough to enable him to plan a symphony. That our remark may not be thought to halt in its justice, let us instance Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schubert: in whose songs will be found germs of thought as original, and forms of working as bold, as those that characterize their more extended—not nobler—compositions. German songs, by the way, seem creeping into the favour they ought long ago to have commanded in England; and this in spite of heavy drawbacks—vide Mendelssohn's 'Italian' to Grillparzer's poetry, translated and adapted (!) by Miss De Pontigny. Certainly, as regards liberties of text, and liberties with music, an amount of licence is ventured on and countenanced in this land, which calls for severe animadversion on the part of all those who desire not to see their country continue a laughing-stock abroad. As to the offence of *adaptation* in the present case, we have not a foreign copy before us, to see what has been done with Mendelssohn by Miss De Pontigny: as to the qualifications possessed by one aspiring to translate from Grillparzer (one of modern Germany's most distinguished dramatists), the following line—to be sung to a triple rhythm—shall speak for itself:—

And this vast | plain that seems | half earth half | air.

We shall return to the subject of versions and versionizers of foreign music on a future opportunity.

The next publication before us contains certain 'Songs for the Army,' the words by Richard Greville Pigot, the music by David Lee. In proportion as we desire to hear all the men of England set a-singing—the craftsman his songs of trade, the student his songs of wit and good fellowship, the sailor his ditty of adventure, and the soldier his hymn of stout yet courteous bravery—are we fastidious as to the words and the melodies offered them to sing. Mr. Greville Pigot's noisy effusions of patriotism and defiance are as far behind his time, as are Mr. Lee's tunes behind those genuine and manly melodies which "stir the heart as with a trumpet," and which alone, we would fain hope, can become popular in our highways and our barrack yards.

Last of all, come three sets of quadrilles; two by Musard, from Auber's already-mentioned 'Les Diamans,' and one—*The Royal Union Quadrilles*—by the Harold of modern quadrille arrangers, M. Jullien; who sets 'Rory O'More' and 'Jenny Jones' a-going in the vein of Ercole, and puts as much solemn inspiration into his 'Pantaloons,' 'Poules,' &c. as would suffice for a dozen melo-dramas. When we look at this gentleman's portrait, with his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," and read his pompous programmes of "tableaux," &c. &c., applied to the most insipid form of motion ever calling itself a dance, we are apt to think he has mistaken his vocation, and that his place is among the murders and the mysteries of the Porte St. Martin Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

The booksellers' catalogue for the fair of Leipzig this year, includes 3,977 works. The booksellers, themselves, are 592 in number. Leipzig takes the first rank in the list, and Berlin the second. The Austrian states furnish collectively, only 285 works, 183 of which are from Vienna. Berlin, alone, has 423, and Prussia, altogether, 1,236.

Mass of Jupiter.—It is well known that some years ago, Mr. Airy stated that an error had been com-

mitted by astronomers respecting the mass of Jupiter. M. Bessel has lately confirmed his results.

Carbonic acid in the Atmosphere.—Boussingault has examined the air of Paris during nine months of 1840-41, and has found the maximum of carbonic acid in 10,000 vols. 4.3, and the minimum 3.5. The mean of his results is 3.97—this corresponds with the experiments of others. Thenard obtained 4 vols. Saussure 4.15, and Verver 4.20 in 10,000 vols. of air. Boussingault found also the air in Paris and St. Cloud to contain the same proportion of carbonic acid, which corresponds with the experiments of Dr. Dalton.

Hoarded Guineas.—By the Report of the Select Committee on Banks of Issue, it appears that the Bank of Ireland has, for the last fifteen years, received from its branches in various parts of Ireland considerable yearly amounts in guineas, very few of them light, and with the appearance of having been hoarded. The Bank of Ireland has not paid out any guineas to the public since the year 1820; yet it has remitted to the Mint the following sums in guineas in the 16 years specified:—1825, 63,000l.; 1826, 84,200l.; 1827, 50,400l.; 1828, 49,500l.; 1829, 3,700l.; 1830, 56,700l.; 1831, 23,000l.; 1832, 29,100l.; 1833, 33,000l.; 1834, 33,600l.; 1835, 36,100l.; 1836, 39,500l.; 1837, 53,000l.; 1838, 36,100l.; 1839, 10,000l.; 1840, 23,700l. Total 612,000l.—an immense sum to be hoarded in this way during the period specified.

A Thermometrical Apparatus the invention of M. Jurgensen, has been presented by M. Arago to the French Academy of Sciences, intended to act as a self-measurer of the variations of temperature, and yield their mean sum in every four and twenty hours. Its principle is that of the action, in the inverse sense, of what is called the *Compensator* in watch-machinery. The metallic substance of the balance in clock-work being subject to successive expansions and contractions from atmospheric variation, such irregularities are, it is well known, counteracted by this compensating balance,—which is likewise a metallic substance, so disposed as to act on the original balance in an opposite direction to the effect produced by heat or cold respectively. The object of this inventor has been, on the contrary, to *exaggerate* these effects of dilation and contraction, making them record themselves, and leave the sum of their mean an easy problem. The instrument is about to be submitted to experiment at the Observatory.

Paris Academy, Oct. 18.—A communication was read from M. Gaudin, descriptive of his method of preparing photographic plates of metal with the bromure of iodine, instead of the chlorure of iodine. This made the photographic surface so exceedingly sensitive, that perfect impressions could be taken, not instantaneously, but in a *quarter of a second!* He had thus succeeded in taking impressions of objects while in rapid motion; and, among others, had produced a beautiful plate of the Pont-Neuf, from M. Lerebours' balcony, with all the people, horses, and vehicles while in motion. He had also taken portraits in this way, in which all the expression of the lips and eyes, while the persons were speaking or smiling, was perfectly given. It was mentioned that the bromure of iodine required great precautions in its preparation, bromum being the most violent caustic known, and a single drop of it falling or splashing on the eye of the preparator causing blindness. One of the persons employed by M. Gaudin to prepare his plates had lost the sight of one eye by an accident of this kind not many days before.—A letter was read from General Chassenon, in Luxemburg, explaining his method of making wine from the *Vaccinium Myrtillus*. The General has forwarded a *tin* of this wine to be submitted to a Commission of the Academy, and Messrs. de Gasparin, Dumas, and Boussingault were ordered to taste it, and report!—M. Anatole de Demidoff communicated some further thermometrical observations in Southern Russia. At Nijne-Taguisk the minimum observed during the month of June was 7. Reaumur, or 47.7 Fahrenheit; the mean was 17.3 R., or 70.50 F.; and the maximum 25.5 R., or 78. F. At Vicino the results were nearly the same, but not quite so high.—M. Milne Edwards addressed the Academy on some crustacean animals, found in subterranean waters in America. Their visual organs were covered with films, and appeared almost in a rudimentary or imperfect state.

This day is published, price 3s. 6d.
L E O N I: A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.
 By WM. JOHN BARRETT.
 London: T. Hurst, Publisher, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard.

This day, in 12mo. 1s. 6d. cloth sewed.
THE MODERN FRENCH PHRASE BOOK.
 By ELIZA BROWNE.
 London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; and W. Enoch, Leamington.

This day, price 9s. Part XVII. of the
WORKS OF JEREMY BENTHAM;
 containing the First half of his great work, THE CONSTITUTIONAL CODE. Part XVIII., containing the other half, will be issued on the 31st December.
 The MEMOIRS of BENTHAM, by Dr. Bowring, are in the press, and the General Index is in preparation.
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